

of November; the wind swept by in fitful gusts, and the two travellers could scarcely retain their seats in the light vehicle in which they were seated, while they vainly endeavored to screen themselves from the piercing blast by drawing more closely around them the folds of their ample cloaks. They silently pursued their way, until at length—"Husband," said the woman, "had we not better take the cross-road by the ruin? I understand the bridge on the high-way is broken, and we cannot pass there."

"Oh! this is just right, grandmother. But is it true?"

"Wait until I finish, Frank, and then you shall know. The cross-road was taken, and for two miles further until they neared the ruin, the silence was unbroken, until the wife again exclaimed, "Was not that the cry of a child?"

"No, no; it was only the wind you hear."

"There, there, I hear it again! the sound comes from the left."

"I will get out and see; a child must not be exposed to this storm."

"He alighted, and directed by the sound which he too now distinctly heard, he grouped his way along until he neared that part of the ruin in which had once been the main entrance, when he stumbled and fell. The cries of the child seemed redoubled and close to his ear, and on feeling around him, he discovered to his horror, that he had fallen over the apparent lifeless body of a woman, and the child, whose cries he had heard, had pillowed its little head on a bosom which had ceased to beat. He took the child in his arms, and hastening back to the wagon, gave it to his wife, and then drove quickly to the next house. Here he procured lights and men, who with a hastily-constructed litter, accompanied him to the ruin to bring the body of the woman. It was brought, and every means employed to restore animation; but in vain.

"The next day the neighbors from every direction flocked to see it, each fearing to recognize in it that of some relation or friend. At length it was discovered to be that of the daughter of an old man, whose old age had been made solitary by the marriage of this his only daughter, and the subsequent death of his son. And now to find his child had thus died, was too great a blow, and he sunk under it, leaving his grandson to the care of the "good Samaritan" who had found it.

"Two years afterwards a soldier, who had worn himself out in fighting his country's battles, came to the village, and inquired for his wife and child, and by a mark in its neck succeeded in identifying the little foundling as his own. He said that when he was ordered to a foreign clime, his wife, then in delicate health, had sought her father's home, and must have perished by the way. He willingly consented to accept a home with the good Samaritan, and when he died he blessed God who permitted him to end his days so quietly. The foundling remained with its adopted parents, and has amply repaid all their care."

"But who is he, grandmother? Who was the good Samaritan?"

"Ask your father, Frank."

"That would be asking the name of the Samaritan from the child himself," said the father, approaching the interested group.

"You, father! you the child! and grandfather!"

"Was the good Samaritan, who never permitted the little foundling to want a father's care."

"Oh, grandmother! was it not lucky you took the cross-road?"

"Not lucky, Frank. It was providential. The world is not governed by chance; 'it is God who governs all things in heaven and earth.' We were instruments in his hands, 'who directs all our doings.'"

"And where did this happen—no, take place? Cannot you take us to see the ruin?"

## THE NURSERY.

### A GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

"Come, grandmother, tell us a story before bed-time; a story about some good boy."

"Will not a story about a good man, a good Samaritan, do as well?"

"Oh, yes; but tell it as stories are told in some books; don't let us know his name, or any thing about him, till you come to the end."

"Rather a contradiction, Master Frank; but, however, I think I know what you mean, and will try to gratify you."

The children gathered closer around their grandmother, and she thus commenced:

"It was a dark and stormy night in the month



A KISS FOR A BLOW.

I once lived in Boston, and was one of the city school committee. I used to visit some of the public schools of the city almost every day, and spend a few minutes in each school talking to the children on peace and temperance. The children understood that, when I came into the schools, they were at liberty to ask me questions pertaining to temperance or peace. They generally had some questions to ask.

One day I visited one of the primary schools. There were about fifty children in it, between four and eight years old.

"Children," said I, "have any of you a question to ask to-day?"

"Please tell us," said a little boy, "what is meant by 'overcoming evil with good?'"

"I am glad," said I, "you have asked that question; for I love to talk to you about peace, and show you how to settle all difficulties without fighting."

I went on, and tried to show them what the precept meant, and how to apply it, and carry it out. I was trying to think of something to make it plain to the children, when the following incident occurred.

A boy about seven, and his sister about five years old, sat near me. As I was talking, George doubled up his fist, and struck his sister on her head, as unkind and cruel brothers often do. She was angry in a moment, and raised her hand to strike him back. The teacher saw her, and said, "*Mary, you had better kiss your brother.*" Mary dropped her hand, and looked up at the teacher as if she did not fully understand her. She had never been taught to return good for evil. She thought if her brother struck her, she, of course, must strike him back. She had always been taught to act on this savage maxim, as most children are. Her teacher looked very

kindly at her, and at George, and said again, "*My dear Mary, you had better kiss your brother. See how angry and unhappy he looks!*" Mary looked at her brother. He looked very sullen and wretched. Soon her resentment was gone, and love for her brother returned to her heart. She threw both her arms about his neck, and kissed him! The poor boy was wholly unprepared for such a kind return for his blow. He could not endure the generous affection of his sister. It broke his heart, and he burst out crying. The gentle sister took the corner of her apron and wiped away his tears, and sought to comfort him, by saying, with most endearing sweetness and generous affection, "*Don't cry, George; you did not hurt me much.*" But he only cried the harder. No wonder. It was enough to make any body cry.

But what made George feel so bad, and cry? Poor little boy! Little did he dream that his sister would give him such a sweet return for his wicked blow. Would he have cried, if his sister had struck him back with her fist, as he had struck her? Not he. He would rather she had beaten him black and blue than kiss him as she did; for striking him back again would not have made him feel sorry at all. It was that sweet, sisterly kiss—that gentle wiping away his tears with her apron—that generous and anger-killing affection, that led her to excuse him, and seek to comfort him by saying, "*Don't cry, George; you did not hurt me much.*" These were the things that made him cry. So it would break anybody's heart, and make him weep, to receive such kind and generous treatment from those whom he had injured. No man could withstand it.

A KISS FOR A BLOW! All the school saw, at once, what was meant by overcoming evil with good; and they needed no further instruction on the subject. They will never forget it. Had Mary struck her brother, there had been a fight. It was prevented by her kiss.

When others strike you, or do any thing to you which you think an injury, always do as sweet little Mary did, and give a kiss for a blow, and there will be no trouble. They will take care how they wrong you, in any way, when they are once sure that the injuries they do you will not be returned. Though George was the oldest and the largest, and could strike the hardest, yet Mary conquered him. The large, strong body of George, his muscular arm, and hard blows, were not a match for the strong love and sweet kiss of Mary. If George had had the body of a giant, or the strength of a million of men in his arm, Mary's sweet love and kiss, that clean, soft apron wiping away his tears, and those gentle, but heart-piercing words, "*Don't cry, George; you did not hurt me much,*" would have conquered them all. What could poor George do? If he had had all the arms and soldiers in the world to help him in his attack upon Mary, armed with her sweet love and kiss, and clean, soft apron, and gentle words, she would have conquered them all.

Dear children, arm yourselves with Mary's weapons; throw away your anger, your sullen looks, your provoking nicknames, your clench-

ed fists, and furious blows, and take the sweet love, and kiss, and soft words, of little Mary; then go forth to meet your enemies, and you may be sure of an easy and bloodless victory.

There ought to be a school in every family to teach children how to use these weapons. Parents ought to be the teachers. I have often thought, if the nation would furnish us the money to establish schools to teach all our children how to conquer their enemies with these powerful but gentle weapons, which it now furnishes to establish schools to teach them how to fight and kill them with swords and guns, our property, liberty, and lives, would be safer; and it would not cost half so much to keep safe. But now, instead of being taught to meet their enemies and subdue them with love and kindness, they are taught to meet them with deadly weapons, and to "kill, slay, and destroy" them. Children never will be safe—parents never will—towns, cities, states, and nations never will, till all these murdering instruments are thrown away, and children are taught NEVER TO HUNCH those who crowd, and always to give—*A Kiss for a Blow!*

[Sold by B. B. Mussey, No. 29 Cornhill, Boston.]

## **A ONE-ENDED PLUM-PUDDING.**

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pg. 123

### **A ONE-ENDED PLUM-PUDDING.**

A friend of ours tells a story of a Yankee captain and his mate, something after this fashion:

Whenever there was plum-pudding made by the captain's order, all the plums were put into one end of it, and that end placed next to the captain, who after helping himself, passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in it. Well, after this game was played for some time,

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the mate prevailed on the steward to place the end which had no plums in it, next to the captain. The captain no sooner saw the pudding than he discovered that he had the wrong end of it. Picking up the dish, and turning it in his hands, as if merely examining the China, he said, "this dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool," and put it down again as though without design, with the plum end next to himself. "Is it possible," said the mate, taking up the dish, "I shouldn't suppose it was worth more than a shilling;" and, as if in perfect innocence, he put down the dish with the plum end next to himself. The captain looked at the mate—the mate looked at the captain—the captain laughed—the mate laughed. "I'll tell you what, young one," said the captain, "you've found me out—so we'll just cut the pudding lengthwise this time, and have the plums fairly distributed hereafter."

[*Phila. Sat. Courier.*]

## NARRATIVE.

### A REMARKABLE DREAM.

FOUNDED ON FACT, BY MRS. H. M. DODGE.

"And yet, sister, it was nothing but a *dream*; therefore do not look so sad about it." "I know, Mary, it was nothing more, yet it was *such* a dream as might rationally make any one melancholy, and you will think so when you hear it." "Tell it then; and if there be a cause of grief, I will mourn with you."

"Well, then," returned Adeline, "it was this. I thought my white satin dress was all completed, and we went to the party as we are now preparing to do; the scene was very splendid, and every thing around was bright and joyful; still I was unhappy, and my countenance was filled with gloom. You said to me, "cheer up, sister, we are to have a party at the house of Mr. B. next week, which will be worth a dozen like this; but by the by, sister, Adeline, I perceive nothing *here* so very contemptible as your long phiz would try to make us believe." I made you no reply, but cast my eyes towards a distant grave yard, whose white monuments were just discernible; you turned suddenly from me and mingled again in a dance. Soon after I grew faint, my eyes were heavy, and I sunk into your arms; almost immediately I was carried to an adjoining apartment, and placed in a very large arm chair before a mirror. I looked on myself, and oh! how black my countenance appeared! A physician was called in, who made an unsuccessful attempt to bleed me; my face still grew blacker, until at length I expired."

"And are you afraid you are really dead then?" replied Mary, laughing heartily. "I do not marvel that you are sorrowful; but here comes your satin dress, and it is all completed sure enough. Come try it on." "O, it makes me shudder to look at it! Indeed I cannot go to the party!" "Psha, put it on. Shall I tell

them you had a *dream* (dreadful presager!) and dare not come?" "Tell them any thing, but pray excuse me."

Many words now succeeded, and the thoughtless Mary at length persuaded her sister to attend the party. The evening came, and Adeline went, with a heavy heart, to the scene of mirth and hilarity; her singular dream was still deeply imprinted in her memory, and everything she saw seemed as it then did in her fancy. She grew more and more melancholy, while every face around her brightened, and every heart seemed light with enjoyment. In the midst of the merriment, her unthinking sister, who had forgotten the dream, came and repeated the very words which Adeline dreamt she had done; they gave her a dreadful shock, but she made no reply, and endeavored to forget her gloom by mingling in the midst of the dance. Her heart grew light, for no one can yield to the touch of vanity without losing in a degree the faithful monitor of the soul. A short time after she passed an open window, and looking carelessly out upon the moonlit earth, she plainly discovered the white stones of a distant graveyard; but after having pointed it out to a young friend, she turned again to the sight of vanity, and the event passed from her mind. It was not long before great tumult was seen in the ball-room; Adeline had fainted, and was removed to another apartment, where she was placed in a great arm-chair, exactly as she had dreamed. Her sister, who was supporting her head, saw her dying countenance reflected in a mirror which hung on the opposite side of the room, and suddenly she remembered that dismal dream which she felt was now fast coming to pass. Adeline became more and more insensible. Her face blackened, her respiration grew difficult, and soon after her unprepared spirit bade an eternal adieu to the shores of time, and went to meet its God.

Thus closed the dream, and earthly existence of a gay and promising young female! Her ear had often listened to the pathetic and solemn appeals of the ministers of the sanctuary, and to many instances of mortality; but none had broken the deep sleep of sin in the soul, none had cut the cord that binds to earthly vanities. Still she slumbered on, rocked in the cradle of youthful hopes, and lulled with the music of youthful promises; but suddenly an alarm was breathed into her heart by the voice of the dreadful, the mysterious dream, yet it faded away like the gleam of the meteor. Her mind was unsettled between the choice of youthful hilarities and the holy religion of the cross. There was no time to be lost, her vision told her so, but she listened to the voice of temptation, and rushed forward into the midst of vanity, and perished, with impending clouds of darkness and sorrow, entering eternity from the ball room, ere the dream grew dim to her sight.

Should not the thoughtless, who are wasting the precious moments of their earthly probation in idle amusement, receive warning from this, and from similar signals of their danger in thus living? They do not intend to die as they live, and oh! how awfully absurd and sinful to live as we would not wish to die, since we are not certain of a single hour, and God is angry with those who trifle with his mercies. The vainest of the vain would not choose to spend their last moments in the ball room, nor hear with their dying ears the sound of a violin. They have assigned death; but oh, how often are they left in the trying hour to darkness and agony of spirit, with no Saviour to light them over Jordan, no hope in the morning of the resurrection! And Death, too, not unfrequently does his work when he is least expected, and the heart that beats warm with passion and earthly enjoyments, is suddenly cut off from the midst of time, and assigned over to the great day of accounts.

[*A Dream of Heaven.*]

Original.

## A SISTER'S LOVE.

BY E. THOMSON.

SEATED last Sabbath in the altar of a crowded church, and sympathizing with a large assembly which was rather impatiently waiting for the arrival of a distinguished preacher, my attention was suddenly attracted by a gentleman who advanced slowly up the aisle. Time had whitened his temples, care had ploughed his cheek, and affliction had evidently opened the fountain of his tears, and spread over his countenance that softened expression on which the eye of the musing soul loves to rest. He bore in his arms an infant wrapped with unusual care. Throwing one covering after another over his arm, he at length disclosed the treasure so carefully concealed. It was a babe of extraordinary beauty. Its brow was of marble whiteness, its cheek of rosy hue, and its sparkling eye of almost unearthly lustre. How *beautiful*, thought I, is the human form! This is an abode worthy a new made angel—this is a temple fitted for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. How *innocent* the human infant! No unholy thought has disturbed this intellect—no unworthy purpose has agitated this bosom—no transgression has polluted this character; and though “engendered of the offspring of Adam,” yet, thanks be to Jesus Christ, the “free gift” descends upon it, and, if translated to heaven, it could share the bliss, and swell the song of the upper sanctuary. Were the Savior in this temple, doubtless he would take it in his arms and bless it, saying, “Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.” How *dignified* is the human infant! Here is but a little particle of perishing dust, yet who can tell what destinies it may wield. Within its bosom there slumber passions, whose outbursting may convulse the nations. Beneath its skull there lies an intellect that may illuminate the world, comprehend the universe, adore its Author, inscribe its name in eternal histories, and shine in everlasting and progressive glory among the highest order of the heavenly hierarchy. No wonder that it has an angel, who beholds the face of its Father in heaven continually. And can we, on earth, behold it with indifference? Blessed creature, thought I, I will pray for thee, that thou mayst be guided by a Divine hand through this world of sorrow to the realms above. How *helpless* the human infant! All other creatures have some ability for defense or escape, some judgment in relation to nourishment and danger; but man, the lord of the lower world, comes into existence entirely dependent upon the ministry of others.

I perceived that this child had been clad with unusual care—its unstained garments were as snow—its head-dress evinced a taste and care quite remarkable—exhibiting a striking contrast with the coarse and careless garments of the father. Alas! here is the father, and there is the babe, but where is the mother? The scarf of the old gentleman answered the question.

He had recently come up from the chambers of death, where he had deposited the mother of his child. As he turned his eye to the seat where the dear departed used to listen to the Gospel, a tear issued, unbidden, from its spring, and his countenance seemed to say, O, Mary, Mary, would to God I had died for thee! But what kind bosom receives this motherless babe, and what soft hand wipes away its tears? These inquiries were readily answered. A blooming maiden, clad in deep mourning, followed the old pilgrim's footsteps. She was no sooner seated than she received the lovely infant to her arms, and bending, as if to escape observation, pressed it to her lips; and then her eye gazed intently upon its playful features, and her soul grew enraptured by its smiles. Though deeply interested with the discourse which followed, I could not forbear, occasionally, to survey the countenances of that lovely and interesting group. Never did mother's countenance more vividly represent maternal tenderness, nor helpless infancy more clearly portray filial dependence, contentment, and affection. I had often seen the triumphs of a sister's love—I had often witnessed and experienced a mother's unfailing, intense attachment, but never before had I beheld the blended influences of a sister's and a mother's love. What, thought I, will be the affection of this pair, should Providence spare them until the infant ripens into manhood.

The sermon being ended, the candidates for baptism were invited to come forward. The first who stepped within the altar was the aged patriarch, bearing his infant boy, and followed by his lovely daughter, who, instead of the mother, stood at the baptismal font. I involuntarily recurred to the mountain of Moriah, and thought of Abraham offering his son Isaac, and then my imagination advanced a little, and painted the sister of Moses watching her brother in the bulrushes; but the real exceeded the beauty of the imaginary picture.

I had seen woman, lovely woman, at the hour of danger, and on the day of trial—I had witnessed her at the cradle of her first-born, in the chamber of the sick, and by the pillow of the dying—I had attended her as she followed the departed partner of her bosom to “the house appointed for all the living;” yet never did I behold her in a more interesting attitude than on that day.



AN ADVENTURE.

When Rollo's cousin Lucy was a very little girl, she slept in a trundle-bed. She awoke one morning, and heard a bird singing out in the yard. The window was open. The tops of the trees were brightened by the rays of the morning sun.

"It is morning," said Lucy to herself, "I truly believe."

Then Lucy tried to think whether she had been asleep or not; but she could not tell. She thought she had not. She remembered that, the day before, she had been to take a walk with Miss Anne, and that they had got caught out in the rain, and had gone under a bridge for shelter until the shower was over.

Just then she heard a little noise like the rustling of the leaves of a book. It seemed to come from the window where Miss Anne used to sit. Lucy could not see, because the great bed was in the way. She thought it was Miss Anne reading.

"Miss Anne," said she.

"Ah, are you awake, Lucy?" said Miss Anne.

"Yes, and I want to get up."

Miss Anne told Lucy that she might get up, and she did.

When she was dressed, Miss Anne asked her how she felt after her adventure the day before.

"Adventure?" said Lucy.

"Yes," said Miss Anne, "our adventure under the bridge."

"O, pretty well," said Lucy. "Was that an adventure?"

"Yes," said Miss Anne; "when we are out

walking, or are travelling, and anything remarkable happens to us, we call it an adventure. When I was a child, I had an adventure somewhat similar to that."

"What was it?" said Lucy.

"I don't know that I shall have time to tell you before the bell will ring. However, I will begin."

"I was quite a little girl——"

"Not so big as I?" interrupted Lucy.

"Yes," said Miss Anne, "just about as big as you. My father was going to take a journey, and he said that I might go too. I don't remember much about the first day, though we had a very pleasant ride. The second day we got to the mountains. I liked riding among the mountains, for I could put my head out of the carriage window, and see the precipices towering away above my head."

"Did you travel in a carriage?" said Lucy.

"Yes," replied Miss Anne, "we were in a carriage. My father and mother sat upon the back seat, and I upon the front. There was a great trunk strapped on behind. I remember, too, that there was a pocket in the inside of the carriage, under the window, where I kept my picture-book. There was another, bigger book there, too."

"We rode along that day, in a very wild, solitary place, where there were no houses. There was a foaming river on one side of the road, and rocks and mountains upon the other. At last we turned away from the river, and went along a road where there was nothing but woods, and rocks, and mountains all around. I remember that I rode almost all the way kneeling upon the cushion of the front seat, looking out."

"I asked my father if he expected to find any tavern on such a road as that, and he said he did not; I then asked him what we were going to do for dinner, and he said I should see."

"By and by, when we were going up a long hill, and had got nearly to the top of it, my father told Jotham that he might begin to look out a place."

"Who was Jotham?" asked Lucy.

"Why, Jotham was our man. He was driving us," answered Miss Anne.

"After about half an hour, Jotham stopped in the middle of the road, and asked my father if that place would do; and we all looked out of the window to see. [See Picture above.]

"We found that there was a brook running across the road, under a small bridge; it came tumbling down among rocks and precipices on one side, and, after crossing the road, it went down through a kind of a ravine upon the other. A ravine, you must understand, is a kind of deep, dark, and narrow valley. The ravine, and the sides of the hills all around, were covered with forests. Father looked at the place a minute or two, and then he said that Jotham might drive on, until he came to the next stream."

"I asked him why this place would not do; and he said that the trees and bushes were too thick. So we went on down a long descent, until at last, after we had gone about half a mile, Jotham stopped again. My father looked out

of the window a minute, and then told Jotham that we would get out. So Jotham opened the carriage door, and we all got out."

"We found that there was a brook here too, but it was running more smoothly. There was a sort of cart path, which turned off from the road, on the lower side, and led into the woods, along the bank of the brook. My father asked Jotham if he thought he could drive in there; and Jotham said he could. Then my father asked him if he thought he could find a place to turn, if he drove in; and Jotham said he could turn anywhere. So we all walked in, and Jotham came in afterwards, driving the carriage."

"Presently we came to a beautiful place. It was a small, smooth piece of ground, about as large as this room, with the cart path upon one side, and a turn of the brook sweeping around it upon the other. The brook was very beautiful. The water flowed along quietly among round stones, which were covered above the water, with soft green moss. The water was pretty deep in some places; but it was very clear, so that I could see the sand and pebbles upon the bottom; and in one place I saw three great fishes; one was as long as my finger."

"We all rambled about a few minutes, while Jotham unharnessed the horses, and gave them some oats."

"O Miss Anne!" interrupted Lucy, "I don't believe that this is a true story that you are telling me; for he could not get any oats for his horses in such a place as that."

"Yes, he brought the oats with him in a bag, under his seat. He knew that we were going to dine *in camp* that day, though I didn't; and so he made preparation. Well, after he had taken care of the horses, he took a hatchet out from under his seat, and began to cut some short poles to make some seats with."

"I don't see how he could make seats of poles," said Lucy.

"I have forgotten exactly how he did it; but somehow or other he laid them along close together, and kept the ends up by some large stones; and then he put the cushions of the carriage over them, so as to make a very good seat. Then he went and got a great, heavy basket from the front of the carriage. It had our dinner in it."

"So we sat upon our seats and ate our dinner. We had bread and butter, and cheese and cakes, and a little apple-pie. There was a jug of milk, too, for us to drink. We staid there as much as an hour; and I had a fine time, after dinner, playing about on the banks of the brook. My mother rambled around, gathering flowers; and as for my father, he went and got into the carriage, and took a nap."

Lucy thought that a carriage without any horses, was a singular place for a nap; but she did not interrupt Miss Anne to say anything about it.

"After a time," continued Miss Anne, "my father came to the seats again, where my mother and I were arranging our flowers. He told us that Jotham was putting the horses to the carriage, and that it was time for us to get ready



to go. So we got into the carriage presently, and Jotham drove us out into the main road, and then we trotted along on our way."

"And was that the adventure which you had?" asked Lucy.

"That was a kind of an adventure," said Miss Anne, "but not the one I meant. The adventure which I meant particularly, is yet to come. It happened that night, about sundown. You understand it was a beautiful summer's day; and it was so far to the place where we had to stop, that we did not expect to get there until the evening. But about half an hour before sundown, we began to hear some thunder.

"I kneeled up, upon the cushion, and looked out to see if I could see the cloud. There was a great valley spread out before me, and a range of mountains beyond it. Above the mountains the clouds began to be piled up higher and higher. They were white and rounded above, and dark below. Presently I saw a faint flash of lightning. My father asked Jotham how much farther we had got to go, and he said about five miles; and my father told him to drive as fast as he could.

"The cloud rose higher and higher, and began to look very black indeed. The mountains under it, and the great valley, looked dark and gloomy. Presently we went down a hill into a narrow place, with rocks and precipices on each side, where we could not see the clouds any more, but could only hear the thunder now and then. Pretty soon, father put the curtains down, and shut the windows, and then it was quite dark inside the coach, and the flashes of lightning grew brighter.

"Next it began to rain. Some great drops struck upon the window, and a great gust of wind blew furiously over the tops of the trees. The rain came faster and faster, and the water began to pour down in torrents all around us. I kneeled up, and looked out at the front window to see what Jotham was doing. He had an umbrella over his head, and a great shaggy coat on; and just at that instant there came such a bright flash of lightning as to dazzle my eyes so that I could hardly see, and immediately afterwards, a most terrible burst of loud, rattling sound just over our heads, which frightened me very much; for I thought that we were struck with lightning. But it did not hurt us; for the noise, after it had rattled all over the sky, rolled and rumbled off, away beyond the mountains. But before it was gone, we heard another great crash just before us; and instantly Jotham stopped the horses. My father called out to him to know what was the matter; and he said that a tree had fallen directly across the road.

"My father looked out at the front window, as well as he could, to see the tree; and I tried to look too, but it was so dark that I could not see it very well. Jotham moved his horses on till they came up to it; and my father asked him how large a tree it was. He said it was very large.

"What shall we do?" said my father.

"It lies up too high for us to get the carriage over it," said Jotham.

"Could we both of us, move it with handspikes," said my father, "so as to get by?"

"No, sir," said Jotham; "ten men could not move it. I could hack it off in time near the stump with my hatchet; but I think it probable that the quickest way would be for me to go on with one of the horses and get an axe."

"How far is it?" said my father.

"Jotham said that he thought it must be about two miles and a half. My father then asked him if it would not be possible in any way to go out of the road, and get the carriage through the trees, and so get by; but Jotham said it was very steep and rocky on both sides, and he thought it would not be possible to get round.

"So it was finally concluded that he should go for an axe. He accordingly drove the horses up

very close to the tree, and fastened one of them to a large branch. Then he took the other out of his harness, and mounted him. He tried to make him jump over the tree; but he would not, it was so high.

"He then drove him out of the road into the bushes, though it was raining and thundering all the time. I looked out at the front windows, and pretty soon I saw him come out of the woods again, beyond the tree, and ride off as fast as he could go.

"It did not thunder and lighten so much after this, but it continued to rain; and it began to grow pretty dark. My father put his arm out at the front window, and reached one of the lanterns of the carriage, and took it in. He had some matches in a little box, and so he lighted the lantern, and that made it look more bright and cheerful in the carriage; but it began to grow very dark and dismal without. There was nothing, however, that we could do, but to wait patiently until Jotham came back.

"I tried to look at my picture-book a little while; but I found that I did not care much about it, and so I put it back, and my mother gave me a piece of cake to eat. When I had eaten the cake, she advised me to lie down upon the front seat, and see how many I could count between the flashes of lightning and the thunder that came after the flashes. And I did. I lay down and counted a long time."

"How many could you count?" said Lucy.

"O, I don't remember exactly," said Miss Anne; "sometimes more and sometimes less,—according to the distance."

"The distance," said Lucy,— "what distance?"

"Why, the distance of the thunder from us. The lightning and the thunder are always, in fact, at the same moment of time; and when they are near, they seem so. But when they are at any distance, although the flash and the sound take place together, yet we see the flash at once, while it takes the sound some time to come to us; and that gives us time to count. And the farther off the thunder is, the longer time we have to count."

"I mean to count," said Lucy, "the next time I hear any thunder."

"I lay still a long time," continued Miss Anne, "counting; at length there seemed to be something strange happening; and the first thing I knew, my father was taking me out of the carriage in his arms. I opened my eyes, and saw that there was a bright moon shining upon a house. There were lights in the windows of the house. There was a strange man, whom I had never seen before. I could not think where I was, and what my father was going to do with me. He carried me into the house, and through a long entry, and into a little back sitting-room, where there was a fire. My mother was there, taking off her bonnet. My father laid me down upon a settee which had a cushion upon it, and then went out again.

"I asked my mother what house that was, and she said that it was the tavern. I asked her how we got over that great tree; and she said that Jotham came back with the axe and cut it off. I told her that I did not hear him, and she said that I had been asleep. "O no," I said, "I have not been asleep, I am sure." My mother said that then she did not know why I did not hear Jotham; for he came back with an axe, and chopped a long time upon the tree, until he got it off, and that then my father had got out of the carriage, and helped him heave away the log, with handspikes, and so they had got by.

"So I suppose I must have been asleep; but it did not seem to me that I had."

"Is that all the story?" said Lucy, when she found that Miss Anne paused.

"Yes," said Miss Anne, "that is all."

[Cousin Lucy's Stories.]

Sold by B. B. Mussey, 29 Cornhill, Boston.

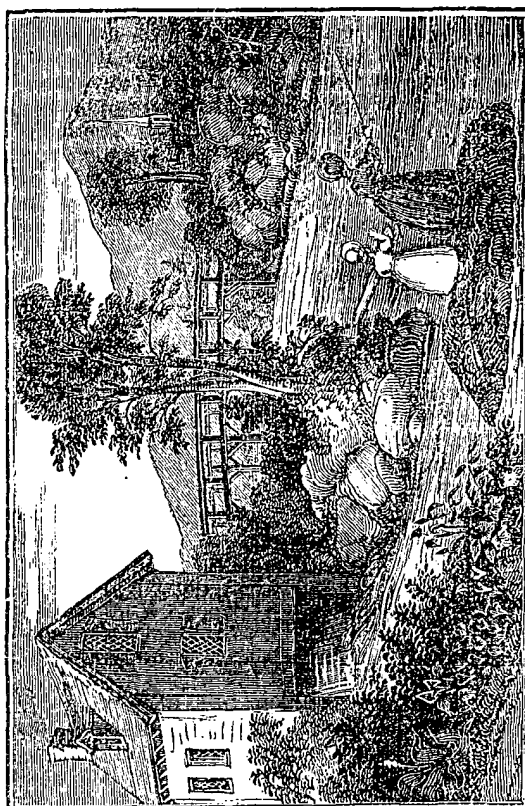
## AN ELDER SISTER.

THE station of the elder sister has always appeared to me so peculiarly important, that the privileges which it involves assume almost a sacred character. The natural adjunct and ally of the mother, she comes forth among the younger children both as a monitress and example. She readily wins their confidence, from a conviction that she, even more freshly than the parent, "is touched with the feelings of their infirmities." In proportion to her interest in their affection, will be her power to improve their characters, and to allure them, by the bright example of her own more finished excellence. Her influence upon brothers is often eminently happy. Of a young man who once evinced high moral principle, with rich and refined sensibilities, unusually developed, it was said by an admiring stranger, "I will venture to affirm that he had a good sister, and that she was older than himself."

It has been my lot to know more than one elder sister of surpassing excellence. I have seen them assuming the office of a teacher, and faithfully imparting to those whose understandings were but feebly enlightened, the advantages of their own more complete education. I have seen them softening and modifying the character of brothers, breathing, until it melted, upon obduracy which no authority could subdue.

I have seen one in the early bloom of youth, and amid the temptations of affluence, so aiding, cheering, and influencing a large circle of brothers and sisters, that the lisping student came to her to be helped in its lesson—and the wild one from its sports, brought the torn garment trustingly to her needle—and the delighted infant stretched its arms to hear her bird-like song—and the cheek of her mother, leaning on so sweet a substitute, forgot to fade.

I knew another, on whose bosom the head of a sick brother rested, whose nursing kindness failed not, night or day; from whom the most bitter medicine was submissively taken, and who, grasping the thin cold hand in hers, when death came, saw the last glance of the sufferer's gratitude divided between her and the mother who bare him.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*



**AN ESCAPE.**

Comfort and Lucy found some difficulty in getting down the bank, it was so steep and rocky. There were, however, little trees and bushes growing here and there, which they could take hold of; and there was a kind of a path, too, which was of considerable service. The channel by which the water came out from under the mill was almost dry, so that they walked about all over it, stepping from stone to stone. They went up very near the mill, so that they could see under it. Lucy saw the great wheel, but it was still. She said she wished they would let the water through again, for she wanted to see it go.

"Why, Lucy!" said Comfort; "then the water would come pouring down where we stand. And I don't think that we ought to stay here much longer, for they may hoist the great gate suddenly. So let us go down to your blue stone."

They accordingly walked along over the rocks, towards the blue stone. In the lower part of the bed of the channel, the stones and rocks were wet where they had been covered with water. The higher ones were dry, showing that where the water came through under the mill, they were not covered by it. Comfort told Lucy to step along on the dry rocks, for the wet ones were apt to be slippery.

At length they reached the great blue stone. Comfort said that it was a beautiful place to stop and see the water. The middle part of the rock was dry; but it was wet all around the sides, and there was a little water still standing on each side, which they had to step over, in getting up-

on the rock. There were several chips, and sticks, and small pieces of board on the edges of the rock. They had floated on when the water was high, and had been left there.

Lucy amused herself a few minutes throwing these pieces of wood off into the middle of the current, and seeing them float away down the stream. Comfort took up a long, crooked pole, and pushed off some which were lying in places out of Lucy's reach. After a little while, when Lucy had thrown off all that were upon the front side of the stone, she turned and went to the back side, to find some more. Comfort happened to be standing, at that moment, on the front side of the stone, reaching out, and trying to push off a small log which was partly floating, and partly lodged upon a rock. Just as she succeeded in pushing off the log, she heard Lucy exclaim, in a tone of surprise,—

"Why! why! how wide the water is!"

Comfort looked round, and dropped her pole instantly, and said,—

"So it is; the water is rising. The men have hoisted the gate. We must get off this rock as quick as we can."

Comfort and Lucy ran all around the rock, trying to find a place to get off; but it was too late. The water, on each side, was before so wide that they could hardly jump over it, and the surface of the rocks beyond, which formed the bed of the stream, sloped off so gradually, that a very little rise in the water made it considerably wider.

"What shall we do?" said Comfort; "what shall we do?" As she said this, she kept going round and round the rock, trying to find some place where it would do to jump off; but she could not. Lucy was very much frightened, and began to cry.

"O, Lucy, don't cry," said Comfort. "You needn't be afraid."

"O, dear me!" said Lucy; "we shall certainly be drowned."

"O, no," said Comfort; "there's no danger of being drowned. We can stay on this rock, safe, till we contrive some way to get off."

"O, no," said Lucy; "the water keeps rising more and more, and it will cover us all up."

"No," said Comfort; "don't you see that the top of the rock is dry; and that proves it is not covered when the gate is up, and the water runs through as fast as it will."

Comfort looked at the water. It was rising very rapidly; and they could see a torrent of it come pouring down upon them from under the mill, which threatened to raise it much higher. Still Comfort was not afraid. She was confident that it would not come higher than to cover that part of the rock which was wet before, and so that they were safe upon the dry part. And the result was as she had anticipated. The water continued to rise, but it rose more and more slowly; and when it arrived at the old high water mark,—that is, the line where the rock had been wet before,—it continued standing at that level.

"There," said Comfort, "it won't rise any more now."

Lucy looked very anxious and unhappy. She did not see how they could get off.

"We shall have to stay here all the time," said she, in a very sad and desponding tone.

"No," said Comfort; "there's one way we can do, I'm sure. I can call out to the people in the store, and they'll come and help us off."

"I don't see how they can help us off, if they come," said Lucy.

"O, yes," replied Comfort; "they can go and shut the gate, if they can't do any other way."

"Then that will stop the mill," said Lucy; "and I don't believe they will be willing to stop their mill."

"Yes, they will," said Comfort. "I know Mr. Jameson, that owns the mill. He'll stop it for us, I know."

"Well, then," said Lucy, "why don't you call them?"

"Why, I want to look around, and think a little, first," said Comfort. "If we call them, they'll come and help us, I know; but then Mr. Jameson will laugh at me well, and I don't want to be laughed at."

"I had rather be laughed at than be drowned," said Lucy.

"Yes," said Comfort; "but we'll see. I want to look around and think a little. I've heard them say that, if your life is in danger, and you have only got two minutes to save it, you must take one of them to think what to do."

"If we only had a slab," said Comfort, looking around. "And there comes one now, I declare."

Comfort pointed towards the dam. Lucy looked, and behold a slab was just appearing over the edge of the dam. It rubbed along, stopped, then rubbed along again, moving very slowly, as there was scarcely water enough to bring it over. At length, when it had advanced so far that the projecting end was heavier than the other, it fell slowly over, and came down with a thump upon the rocks below. Lucy and Comfort saw all this, for they were standing so low, and the bridge was so high, that they could see the top of the dam under it. As the slab fell down, its face was presented directly towards them; and Lucy said,—

"It is our very old slab, I truly believe. I saw it floating down in the mill-pond, a good while ago."

"I believe it is the very same," said Comfort. "Now, if I can only reach it with this pole when it comes by us."

Comfort took up the pole again, and they both watched the slab, as it came swiftly on towards the bridge. It struck one of the piers of the bridge, and then the upper end began slowly to move round, just as it had done against the stone where Comfort and Lucy first pushed it off.

"Yes," said Comfort, "it is coming round this way."

The slab moved slowly, until it got into the current again, and then it was swept along more swiftly than ever. It came on towards the side of the stream where Comfort and Lucy were standing on the rock; but Comfort was afraid that it was not coming quite near enough. She reached the pole out as far as she could, so as to have it all ready, saying,—

"Now, Lucy, don't speak a word."

She just succeeded in resting the end of the pole upon the forward end of the slab.

"There," said Lucy; "now pull."

But Comfort knew better than to pull. It would only have pulled her pole off, and let the slab go down the stream irrecoverably. She therefore only drew in the pole very gently, but following, at the same time, the natural motion of the slab down the stream. By this means, she succeeded in bringing the slab round into a little sort of bay of still water, below the great blue rock.

"There," said Comfort; "now we'll make a bridge."

Lucy was exceedingly rejoiced to see the slab safe under their control. She was very ready to help Comfort place it. They found some difficulty, however, in doing this, though they succeeded at last. They drew the slab up into the channel on one side of the great stone, where there was a narrow place, and then they pushed the farther end of it up a little way upon the opposite shore. Then they lifted the end which was towards them, and put it upon the rock; and thus they had a bridge.

"Now," said Comfort, "we must go over carefully, for it is slippery. However, there is no danger; for if we get in, it is not very deep, and we shall only get pretty well wet."

But they did not get in. Comfort walked over first very carefully, leading Lucy by the hand, who came behind her. Lucy jumped and capered about upon the bank, when she found that she was free; and they both went up the bank as fast as they could go.

"We got some good by trying to help George off, didn't we?" said Lucy, when they were getting into the wagon.

"Yes," said Comfort.

"It's very lucky, I think," said Lucy, "that we went to get the slab for George."

"No," said Comfort; "it was unlucky, according to the old rule."

"What is the old rule?" asked Lucy.

"Why, that it is unlucky to take pay for doing a kindness."

As they drove down to come upon the bridge, Lucy observed a young man coming along over the bridge, from the other side. Comfort stopped talking, and did not say any thing more until they had passed him. He smiled when he met them, and bowed to Comfort. Comfort nodded to him in return.

"Who was that, Comfort?" said Lucy, when they got by.

"That is Mr. Jameson," said Comfort. "I would not have had him know that we got caught down there on the rocks for half a dollar."

*Cousin Lucy's Conversation among the Mountains.*

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.

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VOL. XVI.



## THE SNOW-DROP.

The snow-drop! 'Tis an English flower,  
And grows beneath our garden trees;  
For every heart it has a dower.

And old and dear remembrances!  
All look upon it, and straightway  
Recall their youth like yesterday,  
Their sunny years, when forth they went,  
Wandering in measureless content;  
Their little plot of garden-ground;  
The mossy orchard's quiet bound;  
Their father's house, so free from care,  
And the familiar faces there!  
The household voices kind and sweet,  
That knew no feigning—hushed and gone!  
The mother that was sure to greet  
Their coming with a welcome tone;  
The brothers that were children then,  
Now, anxious, toiling, thoughtful men;  
And the kind sister whose glad mirth  
Was like a sunshine on the earth—  
These come back to the soul supine,  
Flower of the Spring, at look of thine,  
And thou, among the dimmed and gone,  
Art an unaltered thing alone!  
Unchanged—unchanged!—the very flower  
That grew in Eden droopingly—  
And now beside the peasant's door  
Awakes his little children's glee,  
Even as it filled his heart with joy  
Beside his mother's door, a boy!  
The same—and to his heart it brings  
The freshness of those vanished springs!  
Bloom, then, fair flower, in sun and shade,  
For deep thought in thy cup is laid;  
And careless children, in their glee,  
A sacred memory make of thee!

[Mary Howitt's Tales in Verse.]

## NARRATIVE.

### AUNT PHEBE'S TEA PARTY.—CHAP. IV.

"See here, Aunt Phebe, what papa has sent to the Tea Party!" said Lizzie, as she and Margaret carried between them a large covered basket. The children gathered round it, and little Josy said—"I smell peaches." "And very fine ones they are!" said Aunt Phebe, taking one in her hand, and helping the children all round.

"I have made my peach soft," said Margaret. "How?" asked Jane. "Why I thumbed it." The children laughed at Margaret's odd expression, and Aunt Phebe inquired, if she could explain why pressing the peach should have that effect; for, said she, "there is no effect without a cause." "I can't understand that, Aunt Phebe," said George, coming close up to her and looking earnestly in her face. "Why do you look so earnestly at me, George?" "Because I want to understand what you mean, Aunt Phebe." "Well then, my child, your coming so near me is the effect of your wishing to understand,—which is the cause of your coming. Do you understand now?" "I think I do, but I cannot tell why the peach should be made soft and juicy by squeezing." Aunt Phebe took a silver fruit knife from her pocket and commenced paring the soft peach; as soon as she cut the skin the juice ran out in large drops; she then pared another out of the basket; it looked juicy and ripe, but was not near so much so, as the first. "What can be the reason, Aunt Phebe?" said Cornelia. Aunt Phebe walked to a cabinet, which stood in the corner, and took out a microscope; she placed a small piece of the fruit in it, and bade the children examine it. "What do you see, Henry?" "It looks something like honey comb, all in little cells, with juice in them,—may I say, Aunt Phebe, what I think about it?" "Yes, Henry." "The little cells were broken, when Margaret squeezed it, and so the juice ran all altogether." "That is right, Henry, and therefore breaking the cells, was the cause that made the peach soft, and now, my dears, you have thought long enough about the peaches to be ready to eat them." She then sent them to play till tea-time.

"Let us play school," said Cornelia, and I will be teacher." "No, no," said Jane, "I'd rather be teacher." "Then I won't play," returned Cornelia. Just then Jane thought of this text,—  
"In honor preferring one another," and she knew it meant to prefer the pleasure of another to our own, so she said, "very well, Cornelia, I will be your scholar," and she took her seat next little Josy—Cornelia felt a little ashamed, and did not enjoy her play much,—after a little while, she went up to Jane, and said it was her turn to be teacher. They had a very pleasant play, but little Josy could not learn to sit still in school. The only time he was quiet, was when he amused himself collecting caterpillars. He caught fifty in a little box, which he called his stable, and they were his horses. "What use are caterpillars?" said Fanny, as she looked at him, "I cannot bear them." "They muse me," said Josy, quite satisfied if they had no other use. The children laughed—Henry said, "I heard papa say, they were food for birds; and the reason there were such a number this year was, that the birds have been so frightened by the sportsmen, that they have begun to live in other places, where nobody disturbs them. They were now called to tea, and Josy let his horses out of the stable. "Aunt Phebe," said he, sorrowfully, as nurse came in for him, "when will I be big enough to stay too?" "As soon," said Aunt Phebe, "as you are five years old;

which will be a long time." She kissed him, and he nodded goodbye to the children, for he said there were too many to kiss.

"And now, Aunt Phebe, will you tell us a story?" asked Fauny. "May we sing, 'Little children love each other?'" said Jane,—they gathered round Aunt Phebe, as usual, and after the hymn was sung, she told them the story of the little girl who wanted to be rich. "Many years ago," she said, "I knew a little girl named Ellen Morgan. Her parents were not rich, but had every thing that was needful for comfort. Ellen was an only child; she had a neat little room of her own, with a bureau to keep her clothes in,—a table with a Bible, a Prayer-book, and a Daily Food on it, and also an inkstand and paper, that she might write to any of her friends when she wished to. Her mother expected her from the day she was seven years old, to make her own bed and keep her room in order, as she had but one servant, and wished to make her little girl useful. They lived very plainly, and Ellen's usual breakfast and supper, was a bowl of sweet new milk and bread. She was a healthy child, for such simple fare is much better for young people. I was going on a visit to a friend, and decided to take Ellen with me. She was overjoyed, and had a great many questions to ask about the place we were going to. At last we were fairly there, and Ellen could hardly help expressing the wonder she felt at all she saw. My friend lived in a very different style from Ellen's mama, and I was often obliged to caution my little friend, that she was unaccustomed to rich cake and such things. There were several children, who took great pleasure in showing to their wondering visiter all the sights. They had rabbits, and guinea pigs, and dolls, and playthings; but what they thought most of, a donkey and cart in which they could ride by themselves. Ellen was never tired driving Jack, and had many wonderful things to tell me when we were alone. One day she looked so grave, that I asked if she were tired, and wanted to go home. "I want to see papa and mama, Aunt Phebe, but I am afraid you will think me silly," (and her eyes filled with tears.) "I wish I was rich." She thought I would have reproved her, but I quietly replied,—  
"My dear, I can tell you how you can become so." Ellen looked very much interested, and said, "In earnest, Aunt Phebe, or only make believe?" "In earnest, Ellen, but you must wait till I am ready to tell you." "I wonder what you did tell her, Aunt Phebe?" said Anne. "You shall hear in due time." Ellen returned to her play, and was very full of what she was going to have, when she was rich. "You are going to have all these pleasures, Ellen," I said, "but I suppose you are not going to have the inconveniences our little friends have, with them." "What are they, aunt Phebe?" she inquired,—  
"Why, I replied, "Mary has no more pleasure in all these fine things, than you in your comfortable home. Susan cannot enjoy them, she is often ill, and suffers much, and listen now to William talking to his papa." She listened, and heard him say he wished he had a horse. "Why, you have the donkey, William!" said his papa.

"Yes, papa, but I want a horse to ride like you, Jack does very well for girls; when will you get me a poney." Ellen opened her eyes, and could hardly believe her ears, that any one could be dissatisfied who had a donkey of their own; she did not say any thing, but I found her observing the children very closely, and her looks seemed to say, Aunt Phebe was right. When she was going to bed she whispered in my ear she had something to tell me; I followed her up stairs and she took me aside, saying, "Aunt Phebe, it was very foolish and wicked in me, to wish to be rich, I would rather not know how to become so, for I might be tempted to try. I will pray to God to give me a contented mind." The tears stood in the little girl's eye, as she threw her arms round me. I kissed her, and said, "now Ellen I am willing to tell you what I promised this morning; ponder it well, my child,—The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow with it." "Dear children," said Aunt Phebe, "I would say to you, what I said to her, seek this blessing earnestly; it is to have your sins pardoned by the blood of Jesus, your sinful hearts renewed by the Holy Spirit, and yourselves made "members of Christ, children of God and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven." Aunt Phebe then knelt down and prayed that God would give his blessing to each little sinful child who knelt before him, to change their hearts, and make them his own forever.

My dear little reader, whoever you are, though I may never see you, (yes! I must see you one day, "for we shall all stand at the judgment seat of Christ,") this is my prayer for you, that you may seek God early, with all your heart. Do you go to Sunday School? Do you read your Bible? Do you pray to God? Will you not add your prayer to mine, that God will give you his blessing, and make you thus truly rich.

[Episcopal Recorder.]

## MORALITY.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

### THE PEAR TREE.—PART 2.

In the morning, Mr. Ashton walked over to Mr. Herbert's farm house, to request him to allow his sons to perform a piece of work for him, that he might obtain an opportunity of reproving them for their sinful conduct, and endeavor to soften their hearts by mild means, before he proceeded to extremities. James had seen him approaching the house, and was nowhere to be found; William was therefore obliged to accompany Mr. Ashton back alone. He scarcely dared to look up all the way, and every moment expected that some reference would be made to the theft of the pears. No such thing took place, however, and they soon arrived at Mr. Ashton's residence. The sight of the pear tree increased William's fears, and he was tempted to take to his heels and run home as fast as possible; but he mustered his courage, and following Mr. Ashton into the garden, commenced the task assigned him with a determination to complete it, and return home without any delay.

At length the task was finished, and Mr. Ashton after paying him liberally for the work, asked him if he was fond of pears, adding that he had some very fine ones, of which he was welcome to take as many as he wished. This was too much for poor William. His naturally generous and susceptible mind, was completely overcome. Bursting into tears he confessed the theft, making no mention of the part which his brother had taken. "I am glad," said Mr. Ashton, "that you are sensible of the sin of which you are guilty, and to hear you thus frankly confess it. I saw you enter the garden, and carry away the fruit, and had you attempted to conceal it from me, I should have felt it my duty to have punished you in some way; but now you have been sufficiently punished by the shame and uneasiness which you have endured, and these I

hope will secure you from similar conduct in future. It will be necessary for myself or his father, to inflict upon your brother a more severe penalty."

William promised amendment, and he kept his word. But detection and punishment seemed to have no effect upon James' hardened mind. He not long after engaged in another theft, which, with its authors, was immediately discovered. Banishment and disgrace ensued, and after other acts of a similar nature, he was marked as a boy of bad character, so that he was at length obliged to leave the neighborhood. His reputation however clung to him, proving a great impediment to his success, and he was compelled again to seek a home. Since that period he has never been heard of by his friends, having perhaps lost his life in some guilty adventure, or still prosecuting the career of infamy which he had already commenced.

If the eye of man does not perceive us when we commit sin, there is an eye that watches every action. Though no human being be near us, we are not alone—we are in the presence of One who can behold our deeds, and hear the words we utter. A child once fancied a peculiar kind of cloud to be the eyes of God, and dared not do wrong when any such were visible. In after years when his heart had been hardened by a long course of dissipation, this was the means of startling him into a sense of his situation, and eventually of embracing a religious life.

H. P.

### DON'T BE TOO POSITIVE.

There are many young persons who are very positive about things, when they are, after all, mistaken.

"There goes Jerry Smith," says Philip.

"Where? I don't see him," says John.

"Why, there, yonder, at the top of the hill."

"Oh, that ain't Jerry Smith."

"Why, yes it is."

"No it isn't—that's Seth Mead."

"I tell you it's Jerry Smith—if it isn't I'll eat him."

Such is the dialogue, but pretty soon the boy comes along, and behold, it is Seth Mead, and not Jerry Smith. "There," says John, "now you've got to eat him, Phil!"

"Where is the hammer, Peter?" says his father.

"I don't know sir," is the reply.

"But you had it last."

"No, I didn't, sir."

"Yes, you did, you took it yesterday."

"Oh yes, I remember—I took it—but I put it in the drawer again, where I got it."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir."

"I think you are mistaken—for if you had put it there, it would have been there still."

"I'm certainly sure I put it back there!"

"Well now, my son, I found it out on the grass, where you had been at work. Didn't you leave it there?"

"Oh—yes—I believe I did. Yes, I remember, I did leave it there."

"Well, now take a lesson from this; don't be too positive, when you are not sure. In two instances you have been mistaken; you first said that you had not taken the hammer out, and you were quite positive; you then said you had put it where you had got it, and you were again quite positive. But remember that in both cases you were mistaken. Let this teach you to be more careful and modest in future; and instead of saying you are sure, say I think so and so, or, I believe so and so. No person ought ever to say he is positive of a thing, where there is the least chance of mistake."

"Mother," said Ellen, "may I go and see Jane Hanson? she asked me to come."

"When did she ask you?" said the mother.

"Yesterday—yesterday afternoon."

"Not yesterday, my dear."

"Yes it was yesterday—I'm certain it was yesterday, mother; I saw her on the green by the church."

"Don't be positive, Ellen; it could not have been yesterday."

"Yes it was yesterday—I'm certain it was yesterday; I met her on the green, and she asked me to come. Why, mother, how could I be mistaken? I know it was yesterday."

"That cannot be, Ellen, for I have just been at Mrs. Hanson's, and Jane went to Providence in the seven o'clock train of cars yesterday morning."

"Oh! well—it must have been day before yesterday—yes, now I recollect it was day before yesterday."

"Well, my child, I am sorry to see you so certain—so positive, when you are really not sure, and when, in point of fact, you are mistaken. Pray be more careful in future. You may go and see Jane, but as you go along, say it over in your mind, till you cannot forget it—Don't be too positive."—Merry's Magazine.

## RELIGION.

### THE SUN.

Come, I will tell you about the sun. You have seen him in his fine red, yellow and purple robes; looking more bright and glorious than a king who sits on a shining throne, with a sparkling sceptre in his hand and a glittering crown upon his head.

Well, the sun is God's servant; and now I will tell you some of the things that he does. He rises early in the morning and lights up the skies, spreads over the east the most beautiful colors, gilds the edges of the snow-white clouds, and flings around his beams in all directions.

He wakes the birds, and bids them warble forth their joy. He makes the dew-drops sparkle. He unfolds the green leaves of the trees. He opens the petals of the flowers, lifts up the heads of those that have drooped during the night, calls forth their scent and beauty, and bids them give a perfume to the balmy breeze.

He calls forth man to his labor, drives away the noxious vapors, and draws up water into the air from the sea, the lakes, and the rivers, that it may descend again and refresh the earth with dews and showers.

He warms the world with his beams, softens the air; beautifies creation with shine and shadow; and, rejoicing in his strength, puts forth his might and glory, proclaiming to earth and heaven the power, the wisdom, and the goodness of his almighty Maker.

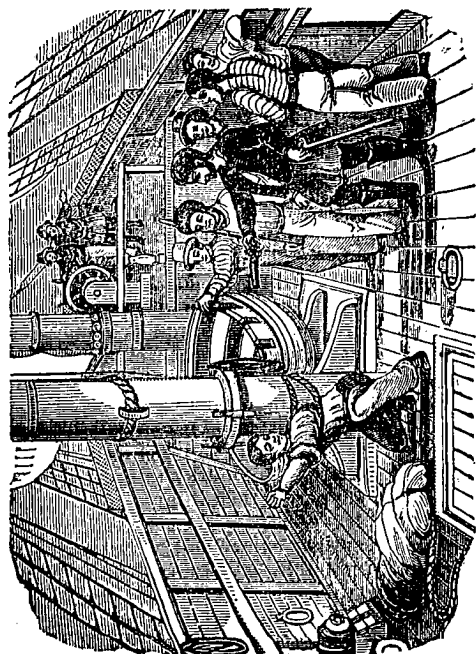
He makes known the hour of the day. He beckons, and myriads of insects, burst into life, waving their wings and gamboling in the glare. The finny tribes sport in the sparkling waters, and the lizard, the slimy snake, and the scaly crocodile, bask in his glowing beams.

He gives the bright lustre to the diamond, the red flame to the ruby, the green light to the emerald, the blue brilliance to the sapphire, and the violet sparkle to the amethyst. He gilds the weathercocks of the church spires, and flings his silvery sparkles on the rippling waters.

He mellows the fruit on the trees, dyes it with fair and ruddy colors; and ripens the grain in the fields, rendering it fit to be gathered into the garner. He puts cheerfulness into the eye of man, and gladness into his heart, and proclaims around a general jubilee.

He paints the western skies with the most lovely hues, making it glorious to gaze on; he flings a golden lustre on the surface of the sea, and bids farewell to our island in his full strength, not forgetting to light up the moon and the planets, that they, with the glittering stars, may shine, during his absence, in the skies.



**CAPTAIN FALCONER'S ADVENTURES.**

[Falconer was the Captain of an English ship. While on the coast of South America, he found that part of his men had formerly been Pirates, and that they were concerting a mutiny to take the vessel and set the Captain adrift in a boat.]

They had several debates about the proper time to carry their scheme into effect, which, unfortunately, took up so much time, that Warren, distrusting Hood, it seems, got up, and stealing softly, came so close that he overheard everything that was said. As soon as he understood what was going forward, he went and informed his companions, upon which they resolved to attack the crew at once. In the midst of this consultation, Falconer and his companions were, therefore, surprised by the pirates, who seized them, which they did with such quickness that they were all confounded and overpowered before they had time to make the least resistance. They then handcuffed them and tied their legs together so as completely to prevent their moving.

In this state the mutineers left them till it was broad day; when they came and unbound their legs, and gave them leave to walk upon deck; whereupon Falconer began to expostulate with them, particularly with Warren, as he seemed to have a sort of command over the others. "And what," asked he, "do you intend to do with us, now you have secured us?" "Do with you? why, by-and-bye, we intend to put you into the boat, and turn you adrift; but, for that Hood, we'll murder him without mercy! The scoundrel! to betray us! But as you have not so much injured us, we'll put you immediately into the boat, with a week's provisions, and a small sail, and you shall seek your fortune, as I suppose you would have done by us." "No," answered Falconer, "we only designed to con-

fine you till we came to Jamaica, and there to have given you your liberty to go where you thought fit. Put us ashore on any land that belongs to the English, and we will think you have not done us an injury." "No," said he, "we must go to meet our captain and fifty men, upon the mainland of Yucatan, where our vessel was stranded. Our first design," continued he, "when we were taken in our boat, was to get a vessel to go buccaneering, which we had done at Campeachy, if it had not been for the Indian who swam on shore, unknown to us, and brought help too soon."

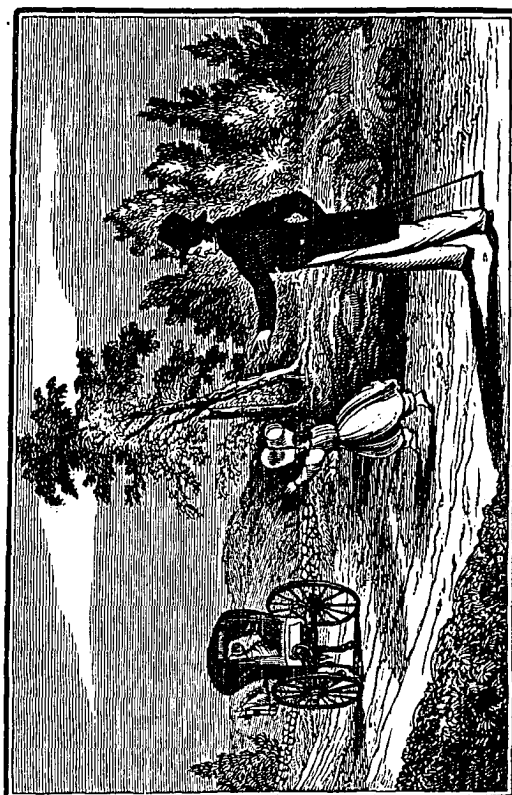
When the conspirators had got every thing ready, that is to say a barrel of biscuit, another of water, about half a dozen pieces of beef, and as much pork, a small kettle, and a tinder-box, and were about to commit their unfortunate companions to the mercy of the sea, a sudden accident changed the face of affairs.

Before they departed, the mutineers determined to let them witness the death of Hood. Warren, therefore, ordered him to be tied to the mast of the vessel, and loaded a pistol to shoot him through the head, not knowing that it was charged before. They all entreated for the poor fellow, and he himself fell upon his knees, and begged them to spare him; but Warren swore bitterly that nothing should save him; with these words he cocked his pistol and levelled it at Hood, but in firing, it split into several pieces, and one struck Warren into the skull so deep, that he fell upon deck. One of the bullets grazed the side of Falconer's temple, and did but just break the skin; Hood, however, escaped unhurt; but he was so alarmed at the noise of the pistol, that he broke the cords which tied him. Finding himself unhurt, he ran to Falconer and his companions and unbound their arms, unperceived by the other two, who were busy about their unfortunate companion. Before the man that steered could come to their assistance, Hood had unbound Falconer, and stopped the interference of the steersman by giving him a blow with his fist, that knocked him down. In the meantime, the rest of the crew were released, and they speedily secured the other two pirates.

After they had bound them in turn, they went to see what assistance could be given to Warren, when they found that a piece of the barrel of the pistol had sunk into his skull, and that he was just expiring. "You have overpowered us," said he, "and I see the hand of Heaven is in it. I was born of good, honest parents, whose steps if I had followed, would have made my conscience easy at this time; but I forsook all religion, and now, too late, I find that to dally with Heaven is fooling one's self; but yet, in this one moment of my life which is left, I heartily repent of all my past crimes." With that he crossed himself and expired.

Falconer and his companions now made sail for Jamaica, where, after a variety of adventures, and being again taken by pirates, they at length arrived. From thence they sailed for England, which they reached in safety.

[*Tales of Shipwreck, sold by Tappan & Dennet.*



DECISION.

SCENE I.—*A wild road near the margin of a wood.*  
Laura, George, and their Father and Mother, with a horse and chaise.

Laura. Where are your raspberries, George?  
George. I have put them here in the chaise; and I will put yours in, too, as soon as I have unfastened the horse.

Father. Now, children, I am going to walk home; and you, George, may drive your mother; and as for you, Laura, which will you do,—ride with them, or walk with me?

L. Why,—which would you do, father? Will you let me drive a little, George?

G. Yes, you may drive a little way, when we get up by the blacksmith's.

L. Well, then I will ride.

F. Hold him a minute, George, while I help mother in.

Mother. Wait. I'll put the small basket behind the great one. There.

F. Now, Laura —

L. But, father, you will be all alone. I believe, on the whole, I will walk with you. Which would you do?

F. You must decide. It is a mere matter of fancy. You must not walk to keep me company. I shall have company enough. Do just which you prefer.

G. Come, Laura,—in; I'm waiting.

L. Well, father,—which road are you going?

F. Along the bank.

L. And over the brook, by the great log?

F. Yes, where you almost tumbled in.

L. Well, father, I'll walk. [REDACTED] I shall see some more little fishes.

G. Well, good bye, then, Laura; stand back from the wheel. Come, Jack.

L. I've a great mind to ride. Take good care of my raspberries, George.

F. Come, Laura; now they've gone, we'll walk along at our leisure.

L. Yes, father. I've a great mind to run and take hold behind the chaise till they get up the hill. George! look around here, and see us.

G. Ah, Laura, you'll wish you had concluded to ride.

F. Mind your driving, George, and whip up.

L. Father, I wish I had rode.

F. Well, Laura, it isn't too late; but then you'd lose the fishes.

L. No, I'll walk. I can ride at any time. He may go. George, which way do you think you shall go?

G. Round by the mill, and then across through the woods. But I can't talk to you any more; I must whip up.

L. Now, father, after all, I'm sorry that I didn't ride. I like very much to ride through the woods. Last time we went, we saw a squirrel there. I'll call him.

F. No, Laura, it is too late now. You've decided.

L. No, father, I'll run. I can stop him. I can call very loud. George! George! Mother! George!

F. No, Laura. Laura, come back; the wheels make too great a rattling. You must walk now.

L. O father! He won't stop. How I wish I had got into the chaise! He wouldn't stop, and yet I know he heard me. He wouldn't stop, and now I can't ride.

F. No, you can't ride now. You had your choice; and you chose to walk with me. You can't ride, but you can go over the great log, and see the fishes.

L. But, father, I don't care about the fishes. I've seen them already. I don't care about the fishes. I wanted to ride, and now I shall have to walk all the way home, and I shall get so tired! O dear me! Why didn't he stop?

SCENE II.—*A parlor. The tea-table.* Laura, George, and their Father.

L. Now, George, you've dropped my doll out of the window.

G. She jumped. I verily believe she jumped. I'll go and get her. She has fallen behind the rose-bush.

L. Ah, father, I am glad to see you putting away your book. Now if you will only tell me a story.

F. Very well; come and sit in my lap here, and look out the window, and I'll tell you the story of a man and a quagmire.

L. What is a quagmire, father?

G. Here is your doll, Laura. A quagmire? I know what a quagmire is. It is a kind of a swamp.

L. Then why don't they say swamp, at once? and I should understand.

F. Because it is not exactly the same. A

quagmire is a very deep, miry swamp, or part of a swamp. And now for my story. Once there was a quagmire; and the road, when it came near it, turned off and went by it on one side. There was a turnpike also, which branched off from the old road, and went by on the other side.

L. What is a turnpike?

G. Why,—a turnpike? Laura, don't you know what a turnpike is? It is a kind of a straight road.

L. Is it, father?

F. Yes, a turnpike is generally straighter and nearer than the old road, and you have to pay a little money to go over it. Now, when this man came to the place where the old road branched off from the turnpike, he said to himself, "Now, which way shall I go? The turnpike is the nearest, and the old road is pleasantest. I'll go the old road." So he turned into the old road. "But no," said he; "I am in some haste, and I believe I'll take the turnpike." So he turned, and went back around the guide-post, into the turnpike.

L. Around what guide-post?

G. Why, Laura,—you see,—there was a guide-post, where the roads branched off,—I suppose.

F. Yes. When the man had gone into the turnpike a little way, he said to himself, "But now, if I go in the turnpike, I shall have to pay; and I am not enough in a hurry to make it worth while to pay. I've a great mind to go back again to the old road."

L. O, what a man! But, father, how much would he have to pay?

F. Only a little,—perhaps a few cents.

L. Well, father, go on.

F. The man then said that he would finally decide to go by the old road; and he went back around the guide-post once more, and began to walk along briskly. He had not gone very far, however, before he began to doubt whether it would not have been better to have gone by the turnpike. "I was rather foolish to give up the nearest road just to save two or three cents." So he turned around, and began to look back; but it was so far to the guide-post, that he thought, on the whole, he had better keep on. But after going a few steps farther, he concluded that he would go across through the woods, and cut off the corner,—and so get into the turnpike again by a nearer way.

L. O, father, what a man!

F. He accordingly climbed over the wall, and went into the woods. Before long, he began to get into the quagmire, though he contrived to go on by walking upon mossy logs, and stepping upon hummocks and tufts of grass. But it was hard work and slow,—and says he, "I did not think of the quagmire. If I had recollected that there was a quagmire here, I would not have attempted to come across. I believe now I had better go back."

L. I think so too.

G. I would not go back,—I would not change any more, if the mud was up to my chin.

F. He turned around, and went back a few steps, though not exactly by the same way that



he came. There were fewer good places to step. Presently he reached a hummock which was pretty firm, and he stopped a minute to look around and consider. Says he, "It would have been better for me to go on. I think it likely I had got half through the quagmire; and at any rate it was foolish to turn back. I'll push on now I am in, and get through to the turnpike." So he stepped off of the hummock in the direction towards the turnpike.

G. Ho!—what a man! I don't believe he'll ever get out of the quagmire.

F. He had now turned around so many times, that he had got a good deal bewildered. In fact, he hardly knew which way to go. The ground grew softer and softer, too, and he began to sink. He jumped forward to a green-looking spot, which he hoped was solid; but it was nothing but long grass,—and he went into the mud up to his knees. And here he had to stay, calling for help, until somebody came and helped him out. [*George and Laura fell into an immoderate fit of laughter.*]

G. Father, that story isn't true, is it?

F. I believe I did not say it was true.

L. I don't believe it is true, father. It must be one that you made up. And I know what you mean. You mean *me*, father, I know you do.

F. *You?* Why did *you* ever get into such a quagmire?

L. No, father, not exactly.

F. Well, I'll tell you how you can always keep out of one.

L. How, father?

F. Make it a rule, whenever you have once decided what to do, never to reconsider the question, and change your mind, unless something new and extraordinary comes to your knowledge, to make it necessary.

[*Cousin Lucy's Stories.*]

## THE NURSERY.

*Written for the Youth's Companion.*

### DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO LITTLE BOYS.

*Josiah.* John, what makes you look so sad this morning, when all the rest of us are so happy, that we can hardly contain ourselves for joy?

*John.* Why, Josiah, I have been thinking of my dear brother, who a year ago, was with us; he is now dead, and we shall see him no more; it is this thought, that makes me so sad.

*J.* I do not wonder that you feel so; he was your only brother, and you must have loved him dearly; but did you say that you should never see him again?

*J.* Yes, for they put him in a coffin, and carried it away and laid it in the ground, and then covered it all over with earth, so that we could see no more of him.

*J.* But did you know that was only his body? the soul of your brother is alive now, and will never die.

*J.* They told me something about that, but I could not understand it; all I know is, they put my brother in the ground and buried him, and that made me think, I should see him no more; but can you tell me what the soul is?

*J.* Yes, it is that which is thinking in our heads, and causes us to feel, and act.

*J.* I understand a little better, but will you tell me where the soul goes, when it leaves the body?

*J.* It goes to God who gave it. And if it is good, it lives with him, in a bright and beautiful world, called heaven; where there is no more sickness, nor sorrow, nor any more pain, and where all is peace and love.

*J.* Oh! how happy it must be. But do you think my dear brother has gone to that sweet place? you know he was sick a great deal here, and I think I should not be sad any more, if I thought he was where he would not be sick again, and where all would love him.

*J.* You know your brother was a mild, good boy, and the Saviour says he loves the lambs of his flock, and will carry them in his bosom.

*J.* Oh! yes, and he says also, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

*J.* Yes, all those precious words he says to us children, to induce us to love him, that when we die, we may go to live in heaven, where we may hope your brother is.

*J.* Oh, how I want to be good, and love this precious Saviour, so that I may be one of his

lambs, and go to heaven when I die, do not you Josiah?

*J.* Yes, but I am so often naughty, and say and do wrong things, that I am almost afraid I never shall.

*J.* But will He not forgive us, and help us to be good, if we tell him how naughty we are, and that we are very sorry?

*J.* I think He will. And now I remember a little hymn which tells us, just what we should say to Him; let us repeat it together.

"Lord teach us little ones to pray

And then accept our prayer,

Thou hearest all the words we say,

For thou art every where.

Teach us to do the thing that's right,

And when we sin forgive,

And make it our supreme delight,

To serve thee while we live.

Whatever trouble we are in,

To thee for help we'll call,

But keep us more than all from sin,

For that is worse than all."

*J.* It is a sweet hymn, isn't it, Josiah?

*J.* Yes it is. And I hope we shall be careful to remember it, and try to keep from sin, which is so displeasing to our Heavenly Father.

*J.* I hope we shall; and I will try not to be sad any more, but will thank Him, for giving me so many kind friends, to take care of me.

*J.* That will be right; and we will now stop talking for it is getting late.

and inferiors, produced an enthusiasm for bold, adventurous feats. As to the culture of his mind it was meagre, yet from various sources, he acquired a great deal of information on miscellaneous subjects, and on religion above the rest; so that while he *surpassed* all his associates in energy, he was *equal* to any of them in intelligence.

Such was Edgar in his seventeenth year, the momentous crisis of his being "created anew in Christ Jesus."

The manner of his conversion was singular. In spite of knowledge and conscience, his reckless daring not seldom evinced itself in setting at naught the services of God's house, and the ministers of his word. Thus one Sabbath evening in the summer of 1829, he rambled about the fields with some of his companions till nearly eight o'clock, when to finish their entertainment, they proceeded to a place of worship. They sat down on a form at the back of the end gallery, where Edgar made fun for his party, by mimicking the expressions and gestures of the zealous preacher. The service having closed, Edgar, after gossiping awhile in the streets, directed his steps homeward, neither thinking nor caring about what he had heard. Next morning, on awaking, he felt unwell, and did not rise at his usual hour. It was now, in the multitude of his musings, certain words of the preacher on the past evening recurred to his mind. The effect was instantaneons and wonderful. His sins rose up before him, and the terrors of hell took hold upon him. He was speedily out of bed, and on his knees crying, for mercy. Fears and hopes alternated; he groaned, and gave thanks; trembled, and rejoiced; for hours, his spirit vibrated between Calvary and the bottomless pit, until "mercy triumphed over wrath."

On such an occasion, the reader is prepared to expect from him prompt and decisive measures. They were taken. On that self-same day, he utterly and forever dis severed his former companionship, and laid his plan of action for the future. This plan provided for an unpromising attendance on the public means of grace; the regular performance of private devotion; the methodical reading of the Scriptures; the abandonment of every practice of even doubtful propriety; and several modes of doing good, the primary one having respect to his late associates, on whom he resolved to expend the most strenuous efforts, to win them over to Christ. Such was his scheme, and he acted it out. For many months his peace flowed as a river, and his righteousness as the waves of the sea. The transformation was most striking. The people marvelled and himself rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

But alas! the scene must now change. Suddenly, and from no apparent cause, the composed and happy countenance of Edgar underwent a perfect metamorphosis. His features indicated an absorbed mind, and his intercourse with his most familiar friends was characterized by a secrecy and moroseness, that some imputed to pride, and others to insanity. Neither imputation was correct. His intellect worked painfully, but it was not unhinged; and never was he less self-sufficient or proud. He loathed himself. He felt himself unfit to meet the eye of his meanest fellow-sinner. Yet he appeared to retain his strict integrity, his generosity, his sympathy for the poor and afflicted, and his interest in the progress of Christ's kingdom. And the reader may be surprised, but I can vouch for the sincerity of Edgar in all this. It was not an *attempt* to keep up a show of consistency. His public acts, during the whole of this dark period, were as conscientious as ever they had been. Nor did his heart-felt reverence of the Saviour abate. He would often extol the purity of his law, and the righteousness of his judgments. He still gloried in the cross, and would, I am persuaded, have hailed martyrdom in its defence.

## NARRATIVE.

### EDGAR, OR THE UNHAPPY DISCIPLE.

The reader may regard the following sketch as substantially authentic. The young person, the original of it, was more familiar with the writer than a brother, and as he is now where he will not be pained by the portraiture, there is no impropriety in presenting it to the readers of the Baptist Magazine.

The parents of Edgar were industrious people, and for their grade in life, intelligent; but not decidedly religious, for a long period after 1812, the year in which their beloved son was born. Edgar betrayed from his infancy an ardent and restless temperament; and the rod and curb of discipline, not being used with sufficient firmness and constancy, he had become, at the date of my earliest recollection of him, a fiery, obstreperous lad. Yet his fond parents were not unconscious of the evils they were fostering, by lax and fickle training; and at times, when this consciousness was poignant they would be exceedingly severe, so severe as to punish the little fellow until the hand that swung the rapidly rebounding rod was unnerved by the gushings of paternal pity. This treatment, not indeed often actually repeated, but daily threatened, combined with numberless mortifications, from parties who disliked him, and several alarming accidents, which jeopardized his life, infused into his mental constitution a species of self-distrust, and apprehensiveness of rebuke, which made him awkwardly bashful in the presence of his superiors, but in its reaction, seen among his equals

Nevertheless, it was a guilty conscience that wrought upon him this marvellous and disastrous change. *Edgar had violated his secret vows.* The rules which he had framed, and solemnly ratified, for regulating his private behaviour, and settling his devotional habits—these, one fatal morning, the pressure of wordly engagements induced him to break. The thing was done; the evil was inflicted; the devil triumphed; and in a moment the youthful devotee sunk as into the belly of hell. Awful was the gloom which settled on his spirit, and several weeks revolved ere he made the least effort to emerge from it. He courted the blackness of darkness; his fetters he hugged, and would rather have made them heavier than lighter; so rigidly did he justify God, and judge himself. The resistless impetuosity of his temper, taking this direction, hurried him to the confines of fanaticism. He felt willing to give up his hope of salvation, and to endure the just wrath of God for ever; yet he determined to vindicate the honor of Christ, and by the fullest consecration of his powers, seek the enlargement of his kingdom.

This, with short intervals of hopefulness and comparative peace, was Edgar's state for many months. Such attempts as he made at private prayer, meditation, and the study of the sacred word, were commonly interrupted by sudden gusts of self-reproach, which would stifle his petitions, and suspend his efforts at communion with God. Moments of composure were frequently succeeded by paroxysms of intense anguish. Indeed, "the terrors of God did not set themselves in array against him;" yet scarce any perceptible alteration took place in the course of his pious activities. But ultimately, through the rich mercy of God, he was brought out again to the light. He was led back, with a meek and lowly heart, to the fountain opened for sin. He looked again, with adoring gratitude, to his dying Lord; and the words of the apostle John, "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous," spread life and transport through his breast. His countenance now resumed its glow of heavenly love; but "the remembrance of his affliction and his misery, the wormwood and the gall," would at times return, so as almost to drink up his spirit.

Here I leave Edgar; but why do I record his history?

1. That parents may receive a lesson on the importance of systematic discipline. I attribute much of the peculiar wretchedness of Edgar to his untutored passions. Let paternal rule be constant and uniform, and it will be authoritative, yet genial; let terrors and indulgences interchangeably direct it, and the child is likely to become a desperado, or a dunce.

2. That young converts may be careful how they place themselves under self-imposed vows. If they make vows, let them beforehand count the cost. If a man will construct laws for himself, and conjure penalties wherewith to bind them on his soul, he should assure his heart, that both the genius of such laws and their specific provisions will consist with his situation and capacity. Of vows signed and sealed before the Lord invoked as witness, whose arbitrary purport is, "to spend so much time in reading and prayer; to be at devotions by such an hour; or to abstain from this or that gratification;" of vows like these, what more of approval can the votary expect from God or man than is involved in the question, "Who hath required this at your hands?"

3. That Christians may see again the necessity of judging each other charitably. If at any time a brother appears morose, let us not leap to the conclusion that he is cherishing suspicious distrust or supercilious contempt of those about him. I remember that Edgar was stung almost to madness, when in one of his gloomiest moods, a minister dropped an inuendo to the effect that

his manner was haughty, and another esteemed friend reported him lunatic.

4. That when believers fall into sin, they should at once repair to the cross, and not feed the fires of a guilty conscience by morbid self-upbraidings and perverse disregard of the provisions of the new covenant. If ever peace is to be regained, it must be by looking afresh to the Lamb of God; and why not look at once, and let misery cease? Remember, and imitate Peter.

[*London Baptist Magazine.*]

## ELIZABETH.

Who, that has read the beautiful story of the Exiles of Siberia, but will welcome our engraving of its heroine as a fitting embellishment for our pages. The scene is at the moment when Elizabeth has escaped from the banditti, and is thus described by the authoress. "Elizabeth rose, and fled as swiftly as she was able to the opposite side; she entered the forest, and had advanced but a little way in it, when she came to four wide roads, forming a cross, and at one of the angles was a small chapel, dedicated to the Virgin, with a direction-post above, to point out the different towns to which the roads led. Elizabeth felt that she was saved, and she prostrated herself with gratitude." A more beautiful example of piety and affection, the annals of history or the pages of romance do not record, and when it is remembered that the heroine was no creature of fiction but in reality a young and fragile girl, the only daughter of poor parents, and not, as depicted in the narrative, the child of the illustrious Stanislaus Potowsky, our admiration of her character is doubly enhanced. The true name of the heroine was Praskowji Lupolowa, who, at an early age, was exiled with her parents to Siberia, in 1798, where they remained 'till 1804, whence they were liberated by Alexander I., in exact conformity with the circumstances as detailed by Madame Cottin: Praskowji having accomplished two thousand four hundred English miles alone, on foot, to St. Petersburg to solicit the pardon of her father. From the fatigue of the journey she never entirely recovered, her constitution being undermined, and she died at Novogorod, in 1810, six years after her generous devotion. A few years since an English traveller encountered the son of this remarkable woman, who was then a flourishing merchant at Cronstadt, and a husband and father. We have not the volume in our possession, and are therefore compelled to narrate the facts connected with the interview, from memory. "A portrait was suspended in the apartment where they dined, representing Praskowji, which was regarded by the inmates of the family with almost religious reverence; for immediately after the repast, the daughters of the host, the grand-children of Praskowji being admitted, they passed at once up to the picture, and joining hands bowed before it with the most profound reverence; then running to their father, he imprinted a kiss upon the brow of each, saying: 'God make you as good and affectionate as your grand-mother, my beloved daughters!' They then made their obeisance to each individual present, with a grace that would have done honor to the Empress herself. The husband of Praskowji, who was also present, was still a hale, hearty man, and was not the least object of my wonder and respect. He was seated by the side of his daughter-in-law, and

appeared to enjoy the conversation and enjoyments of the evening with as much relish as the youngest person present; and I could not help picturing him in my mind's eye as the once young and generous Smoloff, when, as a hunter, he first beheld Elizabeth in the plains of Ischismka, or the noble soldier, who, true to his promise, led the trembling suppliant before his Emperor and won for her her father's pardon. In the course of the evening I referred to the heroic act of Praskowji, observing that few daughters of the present time would do the like.—'Ah!' replied he, 'civilization has ruined the Russian character.'" There was too much truth in his remark.



GETTING LOST.

One afternoon, a short time after dinner, Lucy was sitting upon a seat under a trellis, near the door which led towards the garden, when her mother came out.

"Lucy," said she, "I have got some rather bad news for you."

"What is it?" said Lucy.

"I am rather afraid to tell you, for fear it will make you cry."

"O no, mother; I shall not cry," said Lucy.

"Well," said her mother, "we shall see. The news is, that we are all going away this afternoon, and are going to leave you at home."

"What, all alone?" said Lucy.

"Not quite alone; for Joanna will be here," said her mother.

"Where are you going?" said Lucy.

"We are going away, to ride."

"Why can't I go too?" said Lucy.

"I can explain the reason better when we come back," answered her mother.

Lucy did not cry; though she found it very hard to refrain. Her father and mother, and Miss Anne and Royal, were all going, and she had to remain at home. They were going, too, in a kind of barouche; and when it drove up to the door, Lucy thought there would be plenty of room for her. She found it hard to submit; but submission was made somewhat easier by her mother's not giving her any reasons. When a mother gives a girl reasons why she cannot have something which she is very strongly interested in, they seldom satisfy her, for she is not in a state of mind to consider them impartially. It

only sets her to attempting to answer the reasons, and thus to agitate and disturb her mind more than is necessary. It is therefore generally best not to explain the reasons until afterwards, when the mind of the child is in a better condition to feel their force.

After the barouche drove away, Lucy went out into the kitchen to see Joanna; and she asked Joanna what she should do. Joanna advised her to go out and play in the yard until she had got her work done, and then to come in and sit with her. Lucy did so. She played about in the grass until Joanna called from the window, and told her that she was ready.

Then Lucy came in. She found the kitchen all arranged in good order, and Joanna was just sitting down before a little table, at the window, to sew. Lucy got her basket of blocks, and began to build houses in the middle of the floor."

"Joanna," said she, after a little while, "I wish you would tell me something more about when you were a farmer's daughter."

"Why, I am a farmer's daughter now," said Joanna.

"But I mean when you were a little girl, and lived among the stumps," said Lucy.

"Well," said Joanna,—"what shall I tell you about? Let me see. O, I'll tell you how I got lost in the woods, one day."

"Ah, yes," said Lucy, "I should like to hear about that very much indeed."

"One day," said Joanna, "my father was going a fishing, and my brother was going with him."

"The same one that made your hen-coop?" asked Lucy.

"No, he was a bigger one than that. I asked my father to let me go too. At first he said I was too little; but afterwards he said I might go."

"How big were you?" said Lucy.

"I was just about your age," said Joanna. "My mother said I could not possibly walk so far; but father said I should not have to walk but a little way, for he was going down the brook in a boat."

"So father concluded to let me go, and we started off,—all three together. We went across the road, and then struck right into the woods."

"Struck?" said Lucy.

"Yes; that is, we went right in."

"O," said Lucy.

"We walked along by a sort of cart-road a little while, until we came to a place where I just began to see some water through the trees. Father said it was the brook."

"When we got down to it, I found that it was a pretty wide brook; and the water was deep and pretty still. There was a boat in the brook. The boat was tied to a tree upon the shore; my brother got in, and then my father put me in; and afterwards he untied the boat, and threw the rope in, and then got in himself. Then there were three of us in."

"Wasn't you afraid?" said Lucy.

"Yes, I was afraid that the boat would tip over; but father said that it wouldn't. But he said that I must sit still, if I didn't want the boat

to upset. So I sat as still as I could, and watched the trees and bushes, moving upon the shore."

"I wish I could go and sail in a boat," said Lucy.

"It is very pleasant," said Joanna, "when the water is smooth and still. The branches of the trees hung over the water where we were sailing along, and one time we sailed under them, and my brother broke me off a long willow stick."

"After a time, we came to the end of the brook, where it emptied into the pond."

"Emptied?" said Lucy.

"Yes; that is, where it came out into the pond."

"Do brooks run into ponds?" asked Lucy.

"Not always," said Joanna; "sometimes they run into other larger brooks, and sometimes into rivers, and sometimes into ponds. This brook ran into a pond; and when we came to the end of the brook, our boat sailed right out into a pond. This pond was the place where they were going to catch the fishes."

"Why didn't they catch the fishes in the brook?" asked Lucy.

"I believe they could not catch such large fishes there," said Joanna. "At any rate, they went out into the pond. There was a point of land at the mouth of the brook, and when my father had got out around this point, he began to fish."

"Did he catch any?" asked Lucy.

"He caught one, and my brother caught one; and after that, they could not catch any more for some time. At last, my father said it was not worth while for them both to stay there all the afternoon, and that my brother might go back home by a road across through the woods, and he would stay and see what luck he should have himself. He said, too, that I might stay with him, if I chose."

"And did you?" asked Lucy.

"No," replied Joanna. "At first, I thought I should like to stay with father; but then I had already become pretty tired of sitting in the boat with nothing to do, and so I concluded to go with my brother. Besides, I wanted to see what sort of a road it was across through the woods."

"My father then took his line in, and paddled the boat to the shore, to let me and my brother get out. Then he went back to his fishing-ground again, and let down his line. As for my brother and myself, we went along a little way, until we came to a large pine-tree, which stood not very far from the shore of the pond; and there we turned into the woods, and walked along together."

"And was it in these woods that you got lost?" said Lucy.

"Not exactly," said Joanna; "but I will tell you all about it. We went along a little way without any difficulty, but presently we came to a bog."

"What is a bog?" asked Lucy.

"Why, it is a low, wet place, where wild grass and rushes grow. The path led through this bog, and brother said he did not think that I could get along very well."

"I should not think that he could get along himself," said Lucy.

"Yes," answered Joanna, "he could get along by stepping upon the stones and hummocks of grass; and he tried to carry me, at first; but he soon found that it would be a great deal of work, and he said that I had better go back to my father, and get into the boat, and stay with him.

"I said, 'Well;' and he carried me back as far as to hard ground; and then he told me to go back by the path, until I came to the pine-tree; and then he said I should only have to follow the shore of the pond, a short distance, when I should come in sight of father's boat."

"Yes, but how could you get into the boat," said Lucy, "without getting wet, when it was so far from the shore?"

"O, I could call to my father, and he would come to the shore and take me in," said Joanna.

"Well," said Lucy, "tell on."

"I walked along the path, without any trouble, until I came to the great pine-tree, where I saw a woodpecker."

"A woodpecker?" said Lucy.

"Yes; that is a kind of a bird which pecks the bark and wood of old trees, to get bugs and worms out of it, to eat."

"I should not think that bugs and worms would be good to eat," said Lucy.

"They are good for woodpeckers," said Joanna. "This woodpecker was standing upon the side of the great pine-tree, clinging to the bark. He has sharp claws, and can cling to the bark upon the side of a tree. I looked at him a minute, and then went on.

"I followed the shore of the pond, until I came to the place where we had left my father fishing; but when I looked out upon the water there, the boat was nowhere to be seen. I was very much frightened."

"Where was he gone?" said Lucy.

"I did not know then," said Joanna; "but I learned afterwards that he had found that he could not catch any fishes there, and so he concluded to go up the brook again, and see if he could not catch any there. I did not know this then, and I could not think what had become of him. I was frightened. I did not see how I could ever find my way home again. What do you think I did first?"

"I don't know," said Lucy. "What was it?"

"I called out, *Father! Father! Father!* as loud as I could call; and then I listened for a reply,—but I could not hear any."

"Then what did you do?" asked Lucy.

"Why, I began to consider whether I could not go home the way that my brother had gone, by walking along through the mud, even if it was deep. I thought I had better get my feet wet and muddy than stay there in the woods and starve."

"Well, did you go that way?" asked Lucy.

"No," said Joanna; "on thinking more of it, I was afraid to go. I did not know but that the mud would be deep enough somewhere to drown me; and then, besides, I did not know that I could find the way, any farther than I had gone with my brother.

"The next plan I thought of, was to follow the shore of the brook up. You remember that we came down the brook, in the boat; and of course I knew that, if I went *up* the brook, either on the water or close to it, upon the shore, I should be going back towards home. I tried this way, but I found that I could not get along."

"Why couldn't you get along?" asked Lucy.

"Because," said Joanna, "the trees and bushes were so thick, and the ground was so wet and swampy, in some places, that I couldn't get through. Then I came back, and set down upon a log, near the shore of the pond, and began to cry."

"And didn't you ever get home?" said Lucy.

"Certainly," said Joanna, laughing, "or else

how could I be here now to tell the story?"

"O!—yes," said Lucy. "But how did you get home?"

"Why, pretty soon I thought that the best plan would be for me to stay just where I was, for I thought that as soon as my father and brother should both get home, and find that I was not there, they would come after me; and if they came after me, I knew they would come, first of all, to the place where my brother had told me to go, near the mouth of the brook. So I concluded that I would wait patiently there until they came.

"I waited all the afternoon, and they did not come; and at last the sun went down, and still I was there alone."

"Why did they not come for you sooner?" asked Lucy.

"Why, the reason was, that my father did not get home until night. When he went up the brook, he found a place where he could catch fishes quite fast; and so he staid there all the afternoon. He thought I was safe at home with my brother. And my brother, who was at home all this time, thought that I was safe in the boat with my father.

"When it began to grow dark, I thought I should have to stay in the woods all night; but then I thought that, at any rate, they would come for me the next morning; and I began to look around for a good place to lie down and go to sleep. But, just then, I heard a noise, like a noise in the water, through the woods; and I looked that way, and saw a light glancing along through the trees. It was my father and brother coming down the brook in the boat. I called out to them as loud as I could, and they heard me and answered. They came round the point of land, and then up to the shore where I was, and took me in. And so I got home."

Here Lucy drew a long breath, very much relieved to find that Joanna was safe home again.

"What did you do when you got home?" said she.

"I don't recollect very well," said Joanna, "only I remember that my mother let me sit up pretty late, and eat some of father's fishes, which she fried for supper."—*Lucy's Conversations.*

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Written for the Youth's Companion.**HISTORY OF A DOLL.**

The first years of my life were passed in a toy-shop, wholly enveloped in paper, with the exception of my curly flaxen head. Long wearisome years too, I am sure they were. At the return of Christmas and New Years' days, my heart would beat high with hope that some little customer might take a fancy to me. As they came in in troops on these days, I scrutinized their faces very eagerly, to read what was passing in their minds, and if a stray glance was directed toward me, I tried to look as fascinating as possible. At last a very smiling young matron came in, and enquired for a doll of my complexion. My heart was in my mouth, as my master approached the shelf where I stood, and handed me to her. Taking me in her hand, she surveyed me intently from head to foot, as if to discover a blemish. But fault there was none. So paying the price of my freedom, she carefully placed me within an immense muff, and proceeded on her way. After what appeared to me a very long journey, we at length reached her house. Upon entering, the sound of happy voices reached my ears. I was soon drawn from my hiding place, and held at arms length by the loveliest little girl I had ever seen—her eyes blue as the sky above, masses of curling auburn locks around her temples—a mouth expressive of the most perfect sweetness and good nature—who can say I had not a sweet little mistress. But I soon found there was *another* to share in her caresses; a younger sister of about two years made her appearance in the parlor, and with the graceful gestures and broken lisplings of infancy testified the delight afforded her. Beautiful as this little stranger was to my eyes, I began to fear that it might not be so pleasant to have *two* mistresses, but the experience of a day convinced me that the *Golden Rule* was not unknown to my little friends. Blest with the best of parents, angry words were *seldom* if ever heard, and my life bade fair to pass like a fairy dream. Never had a doll such a gorgeous wardrobe—robes of every rainbow hue, a baby house completely furnished with the tiniest of chairs and tables, love and admiration meeting me at every step, what more could I want.

One lovely spring morning, they took us into the country for a ride. The little ones were gay with delight. Not a flower blossomed unnoticed beneath their feet—not a bird on the wing that called not forth expressions of rapturous de-



light. After a day spent in riding and rambling about, their parents as happy as themselves, they started for home, garlanded with flowers. Soon their little fair heads were bowed in slumber, and I lay listening to the outpouring of the mother's affection, as she gazed upon their innocent faces. It was late when they arrived home, and I was carefully laid away by the mother in my appropriate place.

Morning dawned, and I lay watching for the sound of their little pattering feet, till I was weary with hope deferred. Strange voices that day saluted my ears—and I had a dismal foreboding of evil. Toward evening of the next day I heard the father's voice say, as if in conversation, "*Pray God to spare my children!*" I listened again, and learned that they were both wasting away with that terrific disease the scarlet fever. Who can tell my anxiety as I lay there from hour to hour, dreading to hear the worst. But day after day passed by, and I was still ignorant of their fate. An unnatural stillness seemed to pervade the whole house, and I grew sick at heart with my loneliness. At length some one entered the room with a light step and approached the drawer where I lay. I looked up and beheld the mother clad in robes of mourning. At sight of me she covered her face with her hands, burst into a flood of tears, and saying, "*My babes! my poor babes! I shall go to them; but they shall not return to me.*" She bowed her head in uncontrollable agony.

Sorrowful as this visit was, I wished for a repetition; but in vain. I did not see her face again till the end of two years, when she again approached, and taking me in her hand showed me to a little infant she held in her arms. I gazed eagerly in its face as its tiny hands embraced me, for something to remind me of the dead. Nor was I disappointed. There was the same deep blue eyes with their long lashes; the same sweetness of expression I had so often remarked in them. I saw the mother smile sadly, and with eyes swimming in tears, clasp the child closer to her breast, as if a voice whispered in her ear, "*This too is mortal! Love it if thou wilt; but love thy God more!*" S.



HOW A JEST WAS NO JOKE.

When I was a little child of five or six years old, I and my sister, rather older than myself, were taken by our father to spend a summer's day in Needwood Forest. We were little wild things, as brown and as hardy as gypsies, and many a long happy day we had spent under the forest-trees, dining in woodmen's cottages, or, if none were at hand, by the side of a little running stream in some old woodland hollow.

Towards noon, on one of these happy days, as we were wearied with a long morning's ramble, we were left to recover from our fatigue under the spreading shade of an immense tree, like fairies in a fairy tale; looking as diminutive as they in proportion to this giant of the forest, and being almost lost among its curled and twisted roots, which were heaved up, old, and mossed, and rugged, and wreathed together like a nest of angry snakes, which had been turned to stone, ages and ages before. Around us lay a small opening of forest glade, covered with short, green grass, upon which the sunshine fell with such soft light as to give it the color of clear emerald; this was enclosed by thickets of black holly, which, in contrast with the light foreground, looked still more intensely dark; and under and among these grew the greenwood-laurel, with its clusters of poisonous looking berries, and whole beds of the fair, white stellaria, shining like stars (whence its name) among its grass-like leaves of tender green.

There was an undefined feeling, half of pleasure and half of pain, in being left alone in so wild a spot. We heard the crow of the distant pheasant, the coo-coo of the wood-pigeon, and the laugh-like cry of the wood-pecker; and these, though familiar to us, seemed strangely to add to the solitariness of the scene. And yet it was very delightful. We talked cheerfully of every thing around us; watched the hare run past, or from thicket to thicket; and the starling creep up the old trees, and the little birds fly in and out from their woody screens, with more than common interest. But at length, af-

ter long watching and long observation, we remarked to each other a strange, unceasing, low sound, which we could not comprehend; it seemed to keep up a perpetual chirr-chirr-r-ring, somewhere near us, but exactly where, we could not tell. At times it appeared just beside us, and then half the glade's distance off; now it was high, now low, now on this side, now on that—the strangest, most perplexing, and incomprehensible sound we had ever heard.

In the midst of our wonderment and lack of counsel, up came a stout forest-boy, of twelve years, or thereabouts. He was a brown and wild looking creature, like a very satyr of the woods; he was dressed in a suit of leather, had a belt round his waist, in which he carried his wood-knife, and on his back was a bundle of fagots. As he came up, he seemed amazed to find two children, like the Babes in the Wood, seated hand in hand at the foot of an old tree, and made a pause to look at us. We were not alarmed at his strange appearance, for such figures, in such grotesque garbs, were familiar to us in our forest wanderings; so, hailing him as a friend and counsellor, we demanded what was that strange, low voice, which we heard somewhere thereabout.

The boy looked at us for half a moment with a sort of grin, and then, with a sudden look of fear, half bending his body and speaking in a low but distinctly articulated whisper—"It's my Lord Vernon's blood-hounds," said he; "they are out hunting, and yon sounds are the chains which they drag after them!" and so saying he dashed off like a wild stag.

What a horror now fell upon us! The glade was like an enchanted forest; all at once the trees seemed to swell out to the most gigantic and appalling size; every twisted root seemed a writhing snake, and every old wreathed branch a down-bending adder ready to devour us. The hoity thickets seemed full of an increasing blackness, which, like a dreadful dream, appeared growing upon our imagination till it was too horrible to be borne. We felt as if hemmed in by a mighty wilderness of gloom that cut us off from our kindred, and still the chirr-r-chirr-r of the terrible hounds and their dragging chains sounded through the dreadful silence, and seeming to our affrighted senses to come nearer and nearer, well nigh drove us distracted. What indeed would have become of us, I know not, had we been left to ourselves and our terrors; but our cry of "Father! father!" speedily brought him to us, and the enchantment fled with his presence. The laugh with which he heard our story dispelled the whole terror of it. "It is the grasshopper, and nothing more," said he, "which has caused all this foolish alarm;" and then listening for a moment, he traced it by its sound among the short, dry, sunny grass, and then held it in his hand before us. "And yet he was a wicked boy," continued our father, "who told a falsehood to frighten you thus. But come, now you shall go to your dinner;" and so saying, and taking one by each hand, he led us from the enchanted glade to a woodman's cottage in the next dell.

[*Mary Howitt's Tales in Prose.*]

## JACK PURCEL AND THE CROWS.

*An Irish Sketch.*

BY MRS. S. C. HALL, OF LONDON.

Jack Purcel was a mixture of shrewdness and absurdity, cunning and simplicity—a compound of Nature and Art—and sometimes Nature without Art—stringing truisms on so slender a thread, that it broke before his work was finished, and then laughing at his own mistake.

At times you felt inclined to believe him a rational, a deeply thinking creature—almost a philosopher—and you listened to the wisdom that fell from his lips—when lo!—a sudden change would force upon you the conviction that the poor fellow was “only a fool.”

It might be that both conclusions were too rapidly drawn. I certainly do not pretend to define *what* Jack Purcel was, or was not; I only mean to record what he said and did—he being what in Ireland is termed “a natural”—one in whom the lamp of reason, if it burn at all, has never been trimmed or garnished.

“What do you mean by a natural?” I once inquired of an old woman. She replied—

“A *natural* is it?—Why, thin, as a body may say, it's just one that's half saved.”

“And what do you mean by ‘half saved’?”

“Ah, thin, *it's a natural*.”

Jack Purcel was called a *natural*, and he knew it, and used to pun thereon, saying “it was better to be a *natural* than *unnatural*, which many people that warn't *naturals* were.” He was a tall, thin, fantastic looking creature, whose clothes were most miraculously kept together, being a heap of threads and patches, stitched here and there with pack-thread or twine. Still Jack generally managed to have a clean shirt, and moreover took as much pleasure in arranging his hair, as if he were a young girl; and it fell on either side of his pale hank visage, in a way that would charm the hearts of our modern artists. The peculiarity of Jack's attire, however, was in a sort of conical cap which he formed of crows' feathers, and which he designated his helmet, and called upon every one to admire.

“For shame, Jack, to kill the poor birds and then steal their feathers.”

“Me kill?—Me!” he would exclaim, as was his constant habit when excited, and this observation was certain to agitate him.—“Me kill anything!—me!—who knows life, feels life, loves life!—Me take life from any living thing!—Me?—oh *yarra! yarra! wirras thrue!*—Me?—oh *das deelish avourneen!*—or steal—is it me—shath!—shath!—it's enough to set me dancin' mad to hear the likes!—Oh, the fine handsome black birdeens that knows the paths in the air, while mighty

knowledgeable man can hardly find them on the earth—the beautiful crows—they know the differ—they know me, and I know them and their language! Ah! ah!—caw they go, and down comes a feather!—“*That for you, Jack*”—down it comes—a token of good will—a coal black feather to Jack Purcel from the king of the crows!—Fine birds they are—wise birds—did you never hear their prayers?—I did. Just when the grey light comes stealing out of heaven, the old king crow—he that rests in the tall fir tree—caws to his queen—the old queen—and then to his people, and then they shake the dew off their feathers, and trim their wings, and then they rise, as one bird, in the air, and pray.”

“And what do they say, Jack?”

“May be they would'n't like me to tell, but I'll tell *you*—I don't mind telling you, for you feed the small singing birds. They pray to be kept from the sins of man; they pray for plinty, and for peace. They're the rale United Irishmen—the black bands of the air. I love the crows—Hurra for the crows—the coal black crows!”

And then he would wave his feather helmet, and shout and dance.

Poor Jack Purcel was kind to every living thing, but his heart was in our rookery, a square field, midway up the avenue that was filled with tall fir trees, planted before it was imagined that trees would grow so near the sea. There, a colony of rooks had established themselves—long, long before I was born, and there they were suffered to remain unmolested; but as the young plantations grew up about the house, the rooks wished to emigrate; and while the denizens of their old world remained at home, they drove the young birds to the plantations, and here a war of extermination was commenced against them.—Nests, eggs, and birds were destroyed with impunity, and poor Jack was in a state of frenzy. He used to go about with his bosom crammed full of young crows and crows' eggs, that he had saved from the fangs of the gardener's boys—and “keen” over his favorites when they died, as if he had lost his dearest relative.

“Ah thin, it's little yer mother thought whin she lined yer nest, and rocked with the storm over the wonderful shell that held ye—ye poor *birdceens*—it's little she thought the end you'd come to, ye innocent craythurs. Ah! God help us! we're all born—but those not dead, don't know what's before them—and so best—and sure the hand that made desolate yer nest, may stretch out for food yet, and have none to get.

“When the Almighty made paradise and put the holy saints in it, and beasts and things to cover the earth, he set the trees to shelter them, and the dwelling of the birds of the

air—he made both the one and the other; but man is so unjust—*birdeen agra bawn!* that he says, ‘I will have all the tree, though I haven’t the skill to build a nest in it, and am *obligated* to live in a mud house under it, still you sha’n’t enjoy what I can’t, because I am a man and you are a bird—that’s man’s justice, *birdeen a lanan*’—and so he would go on for half the length of a spring day, mingling wisdom and folly together, as I never heard them mingled since. Whenever I see a rook now—and sometimes those that roost in the old trees at Lord Holland’s, or the still older, I believe, at the Bishop’s Palace of Falham, wing over our garden—I think of poor Jack Purcel, who interested me when a child in their movements.

Valentine’s day, he always made his quarters good close to the gateway that led into the rookery. He gave names to particular crows, and affirmed that he knew them all.—As the season advanced, woe to the urchin who attempted to ascend a tree, or pelt a crow; and Jack would watch the birds coming and going as a mother does the coming and going of her beloved children. When he saw a steady pair wheel off to seek food for their young, he would stand under the tree, and sing and talk as much nursery nonsense to the nestlings as would delight a parish full of nurses. If the birds made a great clamour, or as he called it a “bobbery,” he would grub up a handful of earthworms, ascend the tree, imitate the voice of the parent crows, in a most laughable manner, and having fed the young, descend with the agility of a squirrel, and then with great gravity inform the old rooks, on their return, of the benefit he had conferred upon their offspring.

I remember asking him, somewhat foolishly, one morning—If the crows prayed more on Sundays, than any other day!”

“No, Miss,” replied Jack, “they pray as much every day, as Christians do on Sunday.” Long observation had taught him which way the rooks would return after a predatory excursion, and it was no unusual thing for poor Jack Purcel to go and meet them and shout and dance when the dark flock came in sight. In winter, he never asked for food or raiment for himself, but begged unceasingly for the crows, and if refused by the servants, would appeal to the master.

“They have,” said he, on one occasion, “a tenant’s right—they *war* bred, born, and reared on yer honor’s estate; and more, they have a right to laborers’ wages, for they destroyed the grub that would have destroyed the grain.”

I have only hinted at his fondness for, and kindness to all things living; but sometimes a terrible war disturbed his mind as to what he ought to do, under particular circum-

stances. Jack was a great mar-plot. If snares were set by the gardeners or gamekeepers for vermin, Jack Purcel was sure to defeat their intentions by destroying the snares; and it was no uncommon thing for the cook to find the chickens, set apart in a particular coop for immediate use, set at liberty; and yet, when they were cooked Jack would eat them. He was often upbraided with that inconsistency, but he only replied with his usual half laugh—half shout.

Once, having detected a weasel, at the instant it had pounced upon a poor rabbit, and having made prisoners of them both, one under one arm, and the other under the other, he did not exactly know how to act.

After much deliberation, he let the rabbit go in a clover field; and then sitting down in his favorite rookery, despite the creature’s struggles, he extracted the weasel’s teeth with an old penknife, and then, as we told him, left the animal to starve.

“Well!” said he, “the times are bad, and when all’s said and done, the Irish weasel won’t be worse off than the Irish poor. *Cook him up with fresh meat.*”

It was always pleasant to meet Jack in the country roads and *bohreens*,\* for he was certain to say something quaint or strange.

One evening we found him gathering wild flowers. “Here,” he exclaimed, “isn’t this daisy the very moral† of Mary Moore, with her round white starry face, and *yalla* breast knot?—And this—this little ‘blue forget-me-never,’ that’s my mother—my own mother that’s in heaven—they put her in the Abbey-yard, and say she’s in heaven. The ‘forget-me-never’ grows round her grave—over where she’s laid—and there are her eyes, sure enough. Here’s the tansey—the bitter tansey—that’s Molly the Cook—Molly the Cook, of a fast day, in black lent, when she smells the meat and can’t eat it—can’t eat it—can’t eat it!” And the idea of the cook being unable to partake of the savoury messes she took so much pleasure to prepare, was too much for his imagination. He would toss the flowers in the air, and then fling up his feather-cap, and shout his wild senseless joy.

Time passed on, and I left that part of the world, never to return to it but as a visitor; and modern improvement decreed that the old rookery should be uprooted. This was sorrowful news to poor Jack Purcel, who first prayed against such a course, and then preached against it, long and loudly. Of course, the poor *nataral*’s remonstrances were made in vain, but the dispersing of the colony, and the noise of the woodman’s axe had such an effect upon him, that, like a turbulent child, he was locked up until all was over.—

\* Lanes.

† Picture.

Jack managed to make his escape at the moment the last tree was felled—the very tree which he used to call “King Crow’s palace.” Mounting upon the pier beneath which he had so often sheltered, he looked upon the felled timber—the half uprooted stumps—the crushed and mutilated boughs, with an expression of the most intense anguish. It was evening, and the poor rooks hovered like a pall about their once loved home.

“Hear me, birdeens!” exclaimed Jack Purcel, with his usual and extravagant action. “Hear me—the time isn’t far off when he who has turned the black bands from their old castles, will have no more call to the land he now stands on, than you have to what you hang over at this minute, nor so much—you’ll be the best off then, birds of the air—he can’t hinder ye from that—you’ll be as free of the air as ever, when he won’t have a foot of land to call his own.”

\* \* \* \*

The estate very soon changed masters, and the poor people talk of Jack Purcel’s prophecy to this day. There is a proverb also current among them, when speaking of people being very much attached, they say, “As fond of each other as Jack Purcel and the Crows.”

[*Lady’s Book.*]

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## THE KITTEN'S MISHAP.

Now, the tale that I had in my mind to rehearse,  
Was related by Willy, though not told in verse:  
Said Willy, "The cat had a kitten that lay  
Behind my bed's head, on a cushion of hay;  
A beautiful kit, though a mischievous elf,  
And given to prowling about by itself.  
Now it happened, one day, as I came from my work,  
Before I had put by my rake and my fork,  
The old cat came up, and she pawed and she mewed,  
With the wofulest visage that ever I viewed,  
And she showed me the door, and she ran in and out;  
I couldn't conceive what the cat was about!  
At length, I bethought that the creature was good,  
And she should have her way, let it be what it would;  
And no sooner she saw me inclined to obey,  
Than she set up her tail, and she scampered away  
To a pond not far off, where the kitten I found  
In a bottomless basket, just sinking, half drowned—  
How ever it got there, I never could tell,  
For a cat hates the water—but so it befell;  
Perhaps some bad boy this bad action had done,  
To torture the kitten, and then call it fun;  
Yet that I don't know; but I soon got her out,  
And a terrible fright she had had, there's no doubt;  
'Twas a pitiful object; it drooped down its head,  
And Peggy for some time declared it was dead.  
But its heart was alive, spite the panic and pain,  
And it opened its eyes, and looked up again;  
And we gave it some milk, and we dried its wet fur;  
And O! what a pleasure there was in its purr!  
At length, when we saw that all danger was over,  
And that, well warmed and dried, it began to recover,  
We laid it in bed, on its cushion of hay,  
And wrapped it up snugly, and bade it "Good day."  
And then its poor mother gave over her mourning,  
And lay down and purred, like the wheel that was turning;  
And she and the kitten, by care unperplexed,  
Slept, purred, and scarce stirred all that day and the next;  
Then scarcely a trace of her trouble she bore,

Though meeker and graver than ever before."  
So here ends my tale of this watery disaster,  
Of the cat and the kitten, and their little master.  
*Mary Howell's Tales of Verse.*

## NARRATIVE.

### LAURA, THE TATTLER.

Every body was afraid of Laura, though she was a beautiful and intelligent child; if they were conversing, as soon as Laura approached there would be silence. No one feels safe with a *tattler*, and such was Laura.

When she was a little girl she had the misfortune to lose her mother, who despised a tell-tale; and when Laura would attempt to inform her of any thing which the servants or her playmates did that was wrong, she would stop her, saying, "It was very mean to speak ill of others when they were absent." If her mother had lived, this child would never have been disliked and shunned as she then was—but all her good advice was forgotten in a short time, and her daughter was permitted by those who took charge of her, to say just what she liked—and indeed, was encouraged to mention every thing that occurred in her presence, about the servants and children. There could not happen the smallest event, whether important or not, that was not repeated by Laura; and at last the attendants were afraid of doing the least thing, or of talking even in a cheerful manner, when she was by, because they knew the whole would be carried to the ears of their mistress—and too often they incurred punishment from a wrong statement on the part of Laura. *Tattlers* very soon fall into the habit of exaggerating stories; and thus acquire a carelessness of relation, which ends frequently in falsehood. Let Laura's conduct be a warning to every child who begins with this dreadful practice, before it leads to disgrace and guilt.

"Mind, here comes the *tell-tale*—hush!" was the general remark as she approached her school-fellows, and there were few who took any pleasure in associating with her. It was a great pity, for she was very pretty and very smart—and if she had conquered this one evil propensity, she might have been an example to her young friends in many respects. She was obedient and industrious, affectionate and mild—yet her Sabbath School teacher lamented to observe this one terrible fault remained unchecked.

"My dear Laura," she would say, "how awful it is to encourage such a habit of idle talking. You make every one afraid of you; and several times you have mentioned circumstances incorrectly, and led the way to unjust punishment. Now, the other day you told me that Jessy Felmore declared she would not attend her Sabbath School on Sunday, because she was tired of the lessons and the trouble of going to church." I felt much displeased, and although I made no remark, determined to inquire into it; for I was wounded to hear one of my scholars should express such sentiments.

The next morning I went to visit her. She was out, but I informed her mother of the report,

acknowledging how hurt I felt. On Jessy's return home, her mother was seriously angry with her, and punished her for her conduct, although she declared there was no truth in the statement. I called again, and questioned the little girl, who seemed much mortified at the displeasure of both myself and her parents, and assured me most solemnly that she had not given that as a reason, but begged to know who had asserted it. When I told her, "Ah!" said she, "I thought I owed my sorrow to Laura Hervey—she never repeats any thing but what she thinks will injure—and, in this case at least, what is not true."

"What did you say, my dear," said I kindly, seeing her distress, "that led to her report?"

"I recollect, ma'am, observing last week to several of our class, that I was afraid I should not be able to attend Sunday School for two or three Sabbaths, as father thought I was not well enough to study my lessons, and preferred my remaining away a while until I was stronger. I wish, Miss Clifford, you would ask Caroline, and Ellen, and Emma, they heard me," added she, sobbing.

"I will, my dear; and you must not afflict yourself. I am satisfied of your sincerity. I did not intend to scold you on the subject, and regret your mother's being so much displeased as to correct you. I only meant to represent to you the sinfulness of such feelings. To slight God's privileges and mercies is to have them removed; and if *He* in wrath was induced to prevent our Sabbath School duties, we should soon see how valuable they are."

I was convinced of Jessy's sincerity, and yet determined to ask the companions she had named, that there might be no mistake. So I stopped at Caroline's house, where I was fortunate enough to meet Emma and Ellen, who had called in to take tea with her. I then questioned them as to the conversation, and found it was precisely as Jessy had repeated it. "I was glad for her sake, and sorry to think of your error, Laura. These circumstances were in themselves trifling, but they led to grief and injustice. Now, if you are thus careless in your accounts, some time or other you may occasion such mischief as cannot be repaired. Often a *tattler* causes death. Beware in time, lest you have this awful judgment."

"I am very sorry," said Laura—"and I am sure I did not intend to say what was not true. I thought these were Jessy's remarks. But here she comes, and I will beg her pardon, for I feel I was wrong." Accordingly she did so—and Miss Clifford experienced much regret when she saw so much good nature and real amiability as Laura possessed, spoiled by so mean a fault as tattling.

Not all the warnings she received could check her, and many were the quarrels that followed her thoughtless reports—and her declaration of regret did not compensate for the trouble she caused. At length she repeated some harsh observations that her brother made use of with respect to one of his young companions, who, he thought had insulted him. He did not recollect Laura's propensity; for, being grown up him-